Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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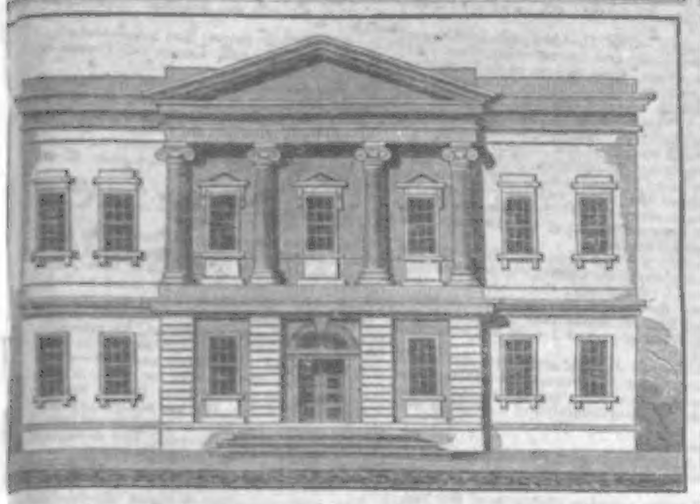

UNITED STATES' BRANCH BANK AT NEW-YORK.

The present edifice was commenced in the year 1830, but owing to the epidemic with which the city was visited, the progress of the work was much delayed, that it was not completed till the spring of 1831. It was first opened for the transaction of business in April last year. It is composed of white marble from the quarries of Westchester. It fronts sixty feet on Wall street, and is about seventy feet deep, occupying a lot that cost almost as much as the building itself, $40,000. It is formed in the most substantial manner, and is altogether fire proof. The banking room is thirty feet in height, and surrounded by a gallery. Besides this room, there are other apartments for the accommodation of directors, stockholders, with those occupied as a loan office, and for the payment of United States' pensioners, &c. The beauty of the structure is greatly enhanced by the gallery, vestibule and portico.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

HOURS OF GLOOM.

[illegible]

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A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

[illegible]

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WARREN.

[illegible]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.

MOTHER AND SON.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next week was all agony, humiliation, confusion, and fear upon me. The ring-dove in the black catalogue which he omitted or misrepresented, was the duel he was to have fought. He owned, after much pressing, in order to quiet his mother and cousin, that he had fought, and escaped unhurt. But Beauchamp in his own mind, was resolved, at all events, to give Apsley the meeting, on the very earliest opportunity. His own honour was at stake! His own revenge was to be sated! The first three, therefore, that Beauchamp did after he was sufficiently recovered to be left alone, was to drop a hasty line to Sir Edward Streighton, informing him that he was now ready and willing, nay, anxious to give Apsley the meeting, which he had been prevented doing, only by his sudden and severe illness. He entreated Sir Edward to continue, as heretofore, his friend, and to hasten the matter as much as possible; adding, that whatever event might attend it, was a matter of utter indifference to one, who was weary of life. The second, also begun to wish himself out of a very disagreeable affair, returned him a prompt, polite, but not very cordial answer: the substance of which was, that Apsley, who happened to be with Sir Edward when Beauchamp's letter arrived, was perfectly ready to meet him at the place formerly appointed, at seven o'clock on the ensuing morning. Beauchamp was astounded, shocked at the suddenness of the affair. How was he to part, overnight—possibly for ever—from his beloved, and injured as believed, mother and cousin! Whatever might be the issue of the affair, what a monster of perfidy and ingratitude must he appear to them!

Full of these distracting thoughts, he locked his room door, and proceeded to make his will. He left "every thing he had remaining on earth in any shape" to his mother, except a hundred guineas to his cousin to buy a mourning ring. That over, and some other arrangements completed, he repaired with a heart that smote him at every step, to his mother's bedside; for it was night, and the old lady believed reason never left her bed. The unusual fervor of his embraces, together with momentary fits of absence, might have chequered conversation and suspicion: but they did not. He told me afterwards, that the anguish he suffered, while repeating and going through the customary evening address to his mother and cousin, might have atoned for years of guilt!

After a nearly sleepless night, Beauchamp rose about five o'clock, and dressed himself. On quitting his room perhaps the last time he should quit it alive, he had to pass by his mother's door. There he fell on his knees, and continued with clasped hands and closed eyes, till his struggling emotions warned him to be gone. He succeeded in getting out of the house without alarming any one, and shuffled in the dark, as much in my way as possible to Sir Edward Streighton's. It was a miserable morning. The unfeeling snow lay nearly a foot deep on the streets, and was yet fluttering fast down. Beauchamp found it no facetious pleasure to plunge through the deep snow, and was so benumbed with cold, that he called a coach. He had great difficulty in rousing the driver, who, spite of the bitter inclemency of the weather, was sitting on his box, poor fellow, fast asleep, and even snoring—a complete hibernator of snug, which by nearly an inch took upon him—How Beauchamp envied him!—the very horses, too, lean and sensory as they looked—fast asleep—how he envied them!

It was nearly six o'clock, when Beauchamp reached Sir Edward's residence. The Baron was up and waiting for him.

"How d'ye do, Beauchamp—how d'ye do!—how the d—— are you to fight in such a fog as this!" he inquired, looking through the window and shuddering at the cold.

"It must be mustered, I suppose. Put on sabchapeau you like," replied Beauchamp, gloomily.

"I've ordered all in my power, my dear fellow, to settle matters amicably, but he is mad, I'm afraid. You must change shoes, you know!—I have no doubt however," he continued with a significant smile, "that the three will be properly condensed. *Life is valuable, Beauchamp!* You understand me!"

"It is not to me—I hate Apsley as I hate hell."

"My God, Beauchamp! What a bloody humour you are risen in!" exclaimed the baron with an anxious smile. He pursued us if for an answer, but Beauchamp continued silent. "Ah, then, the answer to luncheon the better. And harkee, Beauchamp," said Sir Edward briskly, "have your wits about you, for Apsley, let me tell you, is a splendid shot."

"Pink!" exclaimed Beauchamp, smiling bitterly. He felt cold from head to foot, and even trembled, for a thousand fatal thoughts gushed over him. He felt faint, and would have asked for a glass of wine or spirits, but after Sir Edward's last remark, that was out of question. It might be misconstrued!

They were on the ground by seven o'clock. It had ceased snowing, and in its stead a small drizzling rain was falling. The ground was covered deep in snow, but there was no interference, the most immediate consequences might have been anticipated to mother, sister, and son. I, also, at Mrs. Beauchamp's pressing instance, called several times on her son, and found him on each visit, wearing into deeper and wretched reality and extent of his misery. Many a time, when I entered his room—which was the most comfortable the governor could supply him—I found him seated at the table, with his head buried in his arms; and I was sometimes obliged to shake him, in order that I might arouse him from his lethargy. Even then he could be seldom drawn into conversation. When he spoke of his mother and cousin, it was with a pathos which affected me more than the most passionate lamentation.

I brought him one day a couple of white winter roses from his mother and Ellen, telling him that they were sent as pledges of love and hope. He snatched them out of my hands, kissed them, and buried them in his bosom, saying, "Lie you there, emblems of innocence, and bleach the black heart, if you can!" I shall never forget the expression, nor the stern and gloomy manner with which it was uttered. I was silent for some minutes.

"Doctor, Doctor," said he, hastily, placing his hands on his breast, "they are—I feel they are there—my frozen feelings! they are softening my hard heart! Oh God, merciful God, I am becoming *human again!*" He looked at me with an eagerness and vivacity to which he had long been a stranger. He extended to me both his hands; I clasped them heartily, and he burst into tears. He wept aloud and long.

"The light of eternal truth breaks in upon me! Oh my God, base that I am not forgotten me!" He fell down on his knees, and continued, "Why, what a wretch—what a monster have I been!" He started to his feet. "Ah, he! I've been in the lion's den, and am plucked out of it!" I saw that his heart was overburdened, and his head not yet cleared. I said therefore little, and let him go on by his sad starts.

"Why, I've been all along in a dream! Henry Beauchamp! In Newgate! On a charge of *murder!*—Frightful!" He shuddered. "And my mother—my blessed mother!—where—how is she?" Her heart bleeds—her reason—it is not broken!—and *Ellen*—Ellen—Ellen"—After a short, choking sob, he burst again into a torrent of tears. I strove to soothe him, but "he would not be comforted." "Doctor, my nothing to console me!—Don't, don't, or I shall go mad! Let me feel all my guilt; let it crush me!"

My time being expired, I rose and bade him adieu. He was in a relaxed mood, as if he were striving, with painful effort, to propose some subject to his thoughts—to keep some object before his mind—but could not. I promised to call again, between then and the day of his trial, which was but a week off.

The harrowing anxiety endured by those unhappy victims, Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece, as the day approached when the life or death of one in whom both their souls were bound up, must be decided on, defies description. I never saw it equalled. To look on the settled pallor—the hollow, haggard features—the quivering limbs of Mrs. Beauchamp—was heart-breaking. She seemed like one in the palsy. All the soothing, as well as comforting medicine, which all my experience could suggest, were rendered unavailing. "I could have endured," she "could" such a written sorrow from the brain." Ellen, too, was waiting by her side to a mere shadow. She had written letter after letter to her cousin, and the only answer she received was—

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"Why, I've been all along in a dream! Henry Beauchamp! In Newgate! On a charge of *murder!*—Frightful!" He shuddered. "And my mother—my blessed mother!—where—how is she?" Her heart bleeds—her reason—it is not broken!—and *Ellen*—Ellen—Ellen"—After a short, choking sob, he burst again into a torrent of tears. I strove to soothe him, but "he would not be comforted." "Doctor, my nothing to console me!—Don't, don't, or I shall go mad! Let me feel all my guilt; let it crush me!"

My time being expired, I rose and bade him adieu. He was in a relaxed mood, as if he were striving, with painful effort, to propose some subject to his thoughts—to keep some object before his mind—but could not. I promised to call again, between then and the day of his trial, which was but a week off.

The harrowing anxiety endured by those unhappy victims, Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece, as the day approached when the life or death of one in whom both their souls were bound up, must be decided on, defies description. I never saw it equalled. To look on the settled pallor—the hollow, haggard features—the quivering limbs of Mrs. Beauchamp—was heart-breaking. She seemed like one in the palsy. All the soothing, as well as comforting medicine, which all my experience could suggest, were rendered unavailing. "I could have endured," she "could" such a written sorrow from the brain." Ellen, too, was waiting by her side to a mere shadow. She had written letter after letter to her cousin, and the only answer she received was—

"Cousin Ellen! How can you, how dare you write to such a wretch as—Henry Beauchamp?"

These two lines almost broke the poor girl's heart. What was to become of her? Had she clung to her cousin through guilt and through blood, and did he now refuse to love her, or receive her proffered sympathy? She wrote wrote again to him, till her sight implored, nay, commanded her to write *for the purpose*, and during him to mention if they called. He refused. He was inflexible. Expostulation was useless. Returned out poor Pritchard, who had undertaken to plead her cause, with violence from his room. Whether he dreaded the effects of such an interview on the shattered nerves, the weakened frame of his mother and cousin, or feared that his own fortitude would be overpowered, or debarred himself of *their* sweet but sorrowful society, by way of penance, I know not, but he refused to grant the solace on demand to every such application. Such the last answer he received was the answer he received from Ellen. Her cousin would not even catch a glimpse of his antagonist—to whom he was equally invisible. "Well," thought they "if we must, we can fire again!" In a few moments Sir Edward's voice called out loudly—"one!—two!—three!"

Both pistols fires flashed through the fog at once, and the seconds rushed up to their men.

"Beauchamp, where are you?"—Apsley where are you?"

"Here!" replied Beauchamp; but there was no answer from Apsley. He had been shot through the head, and in grasping about terror-struck, in search of him, they stumbled over his corpse. The surgeon was in an instant on his knees beside him, with his instruments out, but in vain. It was all over with Apsley. That boisterous will-o-wisp came to his account! Beauchamp's chance shot as it was, had entered the right temple, passed through the brain and lodged in the opposite temple. The only blood about him was a little which had trickled from the wound, down the cheek, on the shirt collar.

"*He is killed!*" grunted Beauchamp, bending over the body, and staring at it obliviously; but before he could receive an answer from Sir Edward or Hillier, who, almost petrified grasped each a hand of the dead body—he had swooned. The first words he heard, on recovering his senses, were—"Fly! fly!" Not comprehending their import, he languidly opened his eyes, and saw people scampering round him, and others bearing away the dead body. Again he relapsed into unconsciousness, from which he was aroused by some one grasping him rather roughly by the shoulder. He eyes glanced on the head of a constable's staff, and he heard the words, "You are in my custody sir."

He started, and stared in the officer's face.

"There's a coach waiting for you, sir, by the road side, to take you to —— office." Beauchamp offered no resistance. He whispered, merely—"How my mother has—"

"Come be ready, or with whom, he knew not; but he found himself, about nine o'clock, alighting at the door of the Poultney, prison, second floor back.

While Beauchamp had lain insensible on the ground, the fog had completely returned; and Sir Edward and Hillier, finding it their game to remain as passengers from the road side could discern only the gloomy group, made off, leaving Beauchamp and the surgeon with the corpse of Apsley. Sir Edward flew to his own house, accompanied by Hillier—the latter hastily wrote a note to Apsley's brother, informing him of the event; and Sir Edward despatched his own valet confidentially to the valet of Beauchamp, communicating to him the dreadful situation of his master, and bidding him to break it as he could to his friends. The valet instantly set off for the field of death, not, however, without apprising her his terrified fellow-servants, that something dreadful had happened. He found a new people still standing on the fatal spot, from whom he learned that his master had been removed a few minutes before to the —— Street Office, whither he repaired as fast as a hackney coach could carry him. When he arrived, an officer was endeavouring to rouse Mr. Beauchamp from his stupor, by forcing on him a little brandy and water, in which he partly succeeded. Pale and haggard, the valet rushed through the crowd of officers and people about the door, and flung himself at his master's feet, wringing his hands and crying, "Oh, master!—dear master!—What have you done! You'll kill your mother!" Even the mysterious of justice seemed affected at the poor fellow's anguish; but his unhappy master only stared at him vacantly, without speaking. When he was conducted into the presence of the magistrate, he was obliged to be supported with a chair; for he was overcome not only by the horrible dilemma in which he had just brought himself, but his spirits and health were completely broken down, as well by his recent illness as the wasting anxieties and agonies he had endured for months past. The Baron of Apsley was present, raving like a madman; and he pressed the case vehemently against the prisoner. But was offered, but refused; and Beauchamp was eventually committed to Newgate to take his trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions. Sir Edward Streighton and Hillier proceeded in the course of the day, but were thwarted on their own hearty acquaintance, and two hurries each in a thousand pounds, to appear and take their trial at the Old Bailey.

But what course can tell, what pen describe the maddening horrors—the despair of the mother and the betrothed bride? *Not mine.* Their sorrows shall be sacred for me.

"——" For me to me belongs,
To mourn the mighty sorrows of the heart,
But rather far off stand, with head and hands
Hung down, in fearful sympathy. Thy ark of grief
Let me not touch, presumptuous.

To keep up, however, in some degree, the continuity of this melancholy narrative, I shall state, merely, that I, who was called in to both mother and niece, a few minutes after the news had smitten them like the stroke of lightning to the earth—wondered, was even confounded—at the ether of them survive it, or retain a glimpse of reason. The conduct of Ellen Beauchamp enabled her to my admiration, into something above humanity. She succeeded, at length, in overmastering her anguish and agitation, in order that she might minister to her affected aunt, on whose morrow all consciousness or appreciation of her own seemed to have merged. For a whole week Mrs. Beauchamp hovered, so to speak, about the open door of death, held back, apparently, only by a sweet spirit of sympathy and consolation—her niece! The first words she distinctly articulated, after many hours spent in delirium, nothing, were, "I will see my son—I will see my son"—It was not judged safe to trust her alone without medical assistance for at least a fortnight. Poor Pritchard, for several nights, slept outside her bedroom door.

The first twenty-four hours of Beauchamp's incarceration in Newgate were horrible. He, who on such slight temptations had beggared himself, and wounded away in misery the fortunes of his family; who had broken the hearts of his doating mother—her betrothed wife; who had *murdered a man*—was now ALONE!—alone in the callous gloom of a prison.

The transaction above detailed, made much noise in London; and discussed as it here is, in respect to names, dates, and places, there must be many who will recollect the *true facts*. There is one, whose heart those pages will wither while he is reading!

Most of the journals, influenced by the vindictive misrepresentations of Apsley's brother, gave a most distorted version of the affair, and, presumptuously anticipating the decision of justice, threw a gloomy hue over the prospects of the prisoner. It was even stated by several that he was convicted, they said, executed, and executed! The judges were or ought to be resolved to put down duelling, and never was there a more fitting opportunity for making a solemn example, &c. &c. One of the papers gave dark hints, that on that day of trial, some extraordinary and inculpating disclosures would be made concerning the events which led to the duel.

Mrs. Beauchamp made three attempts during the third week of her son's imprisonment, to visit him, but in each instance was borne on being lifted into the carriage: and at length desisted, on being informed that a letter which he tended her attempts. Her niece, also, seemed more dead than alive, when she accompanied her aunt. Pritchard, however, the faithful, attached Pritchard, effected to and fro between Newgate and the house where Mrs. Beauchamp lodged, two or three times a day, so that they were thus enabled to keep up a constant but sorrowful correspondence. Several members of the family had hurried up to London, the instant they received intelligence of the affair, with what circumstances above detailed, and it was well they did. Had not such been the case, to prevent interference, the most immediate consequences might have been anticipated to mother, sister, and son. I, also, at Mrs. Beauchamp's pressing instance, called several times on her son, and found him, on each visit, wearing into deeper and wretched reality and extent of his misery. Many a time, when I entered his room—which was the most comfortable the governor could supply him—I found him seated at the table, with his head buried in his arms; and I was sometimes obliged to shake him, in order that I might arouse him from his lethargy. Even then he could be seldom drawn into conversation. When he spoke of his mother and cousin, it was with a pathos which affected me more than the most passionate lamentation.

I brought him one day a couple of white winter roses from his mother and Ellen, telling him that they were sent as pledges of love and hope. He snatched them out of my hands, kissed them, and buried them in his bosom, saying, "Lie you there, emblems of innocence, and bleach the black heart, if you can!" I shall never forget the expression, nor the stern and gloomy manner with which it was uttered. I was silent for some minutes.

"Doctor, Doctor," said he, hastily, placing his hands on his breast, "they are—I feel they are there—my frozen feelings! they are softening my hard heart! Oh God, merciful God, I am becoming *human again!*" He looked at me with an eagerness and vivacity to which he had long been a stranger. He extended to me both his hands; I clasped them heartily, and he burst into tears. He wept aloud and long.

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"Cousin Ellen! How can you, how dare you write to such a wretch as—Henry Beauchamp?"

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sor, Dr. Ives. Ellen will not live me off: and old Truckard will clear to me, why should I throw away happiness?"

"Certainly, certainly.' There is much happiness before you."

"The thought is transporting, that I shall soon leave the scenes of guilt and temptation for ever, and breathe the fresh and balmy atmosphere of virtue once again! How I long for that time! Alas, I will not be much over your prodigal son." How terrible thoughts of the afflicting reflection as he had called forth in my mind, by mentioning —*the prodigal son.*'

I left him about nine o'clock, recommending him to retire to rest, and not expose himself to the cool of the evening. I felt unsettled myself, by the tone of our conversation, which, I suspected, however, had no fact, except of fact into our mind flights mine. I had not my suspicions borne for him, as he entertained for himself. I suspected that his constitution, however it might sally for a time, from its present sensation, had received a shock, before which it must ere while fall!

About five o'clock the next morning, I and all my family were alarmed by one of the most violent and continued ringing and thunderings at the door I ever heard. On looking out of my bedroom window, I saw Mr. Beauchamp's footman standing in his shirt and his hands, and stamping about the steps like one distracted.

Full of fearful apprehension I dressed myself in an instant and came down stairs.

"In the name of God, what is the matter?" I inquired, seeing him pale as ashes.

"Oh, my master! Come, come" he could get out no more. We both ran at a top speed to Mr. Beauchamp's lodgings. Even at that early hour there were an excited group before the door. I rushed up stairs, and soon learnt all. About a quarter of an hour before, the family were disturbed by hearing Mr. Beauchamp's Newfoundland dog, which always slept at his master's bedroom door, howling, whining, and scratching against it. The valet and some one else came to see what was the matter. They found the dog trembling violently, his eyes fixed on the floor and on looking down they saw blood flowing from under the door. The valet threw himself half frantic against the door, and burst it open, he rushed in and saw all! Poor Beauchamp, with a razor grasped in his right hand, was lying on the floor lifeless.

I never saw base of a young man, especially of fortune, frequenting the GAMING TABLE, but I think with a tear of Henry Beauchamp.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

In your paper last week, Sir, a source I find,
Designed, its ingenuity, to amuse the young mind;
To solve than the problem, this answer I venture.
And trust that you'll find it according to "*Gunter.*"

$\frac{2}{5}$ of $\frac{1}{8}$ of $\frac{3}{5}$ of $\frac{100}{1} = \frac{300}{100} = 2$ initial - N

$\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{12}{5} = \frac{12}{3} = 4 + 4 = 0$ " - O

$\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{3}{3}$ of $\frac{21}{1} = \frac{42}{6} = 7$ " - S

$\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{96}{1} = \frac{288}{4} = 72 + 2\ 80$" - E

NOSE.

There let this I use in due order to place—
Will name that most prominent part of the face;
Should this answer prove useful to any *Quid Nunc*,
Its invention will please, yours, W. R. Sl**h.

Evening Post.

☞ Containing, perhaps, a larger amount of reading matter, than is furnished in any other paper; the weekly contents are written, selected and prepared expressly for this, and without reference to any other weekly or daily publication.

There were 123 deaths in this city last week—35 adults—88 children. Thirteen were from the Almshouse, and 4 were people of colour.—Of the whole number 16 were caused by consumption of the lungs, 15 by scarlet fever, 10 by convulsions, and 10 by measles.

Two numbers of a new religious paper, under the title of *The World, as it is, and as it should be*, are before us. They evince considerable editorial ability. The conductor, Mr. C. W. Denison, late editor of the Stonington Phœnix, is a chaste and energetic writer, and will no doubt succeed in throwing much interest into the columns of his paper. It is dedicated especially to the promulgation of the principles of the strict Baptists.

A new Post Office has been established in Coweta County, Georgia, called "Watson's," and Thomas Watson, Esq. appointed Postmaster.

The Postmaster General has also established a Post Office in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, forty miles north of Harrisburg, called "Oak Dale." James Buchanan, Esq. has been appointed Postmaster.

The Antimasonic State Convention which organized at Harrisburg, last week, unanimously nominated Joseph Ritner, Esq. of Washington county, as a candidate for governor. One hundred and five delegates attended.

A joint resolution has passed the legislature of Indiana, requesting the president and directors of the United States Bank to establish one or more branches in that State.

The Brig Java, captain Osgood, was wrecked off the mouth of Nauset harbour, Cape Cod, on the 9th ult. Cargo was nearly all lost.

A Boston paper mentions that during the parade, on the 23d ult. a respectable lady was run over and instantly killed, by a horse and sleigh, the shafts of the latter having passed through her body. The horse became frightened by the report of cannon, at the time the artillery were firing a salute.

A correspondent, under date of Ghent, Ky., Feb. 16th, writes as follows:—"The Ohio River is now higher than it was ever seen before by the oldest settlers; and it is still rising fast. The water has undermined and destroyed much property. Several entire houses have passed down the river; large stacks of hay and grain are constantly passing; and frequently several thousand rails may be seen at the same time, floating down the stream. The damage sustained by the freshet is immense."

The corps of Washington Greys returned to this city on Tuesday, after an absence of about ten days. The members speak in the highest terms of the kind treatment they received at their several stopping places, and appear much pleased with their excursion. The corps was escorted into the city by the Philadelphia and National Greys, and the City Phalanx.

The New York passengers due here on Tuesday evening, did not arrive—says the Chronicle of Wednesday—until after nine o'clock, the next morning, owing to the boat having grounded on the Pennsylvania shore, about ten miles above the city, in a dense fog which prevailed. The passengers did not arrive at Trenton until about four o'clock, which made it impossible to reach the city before dark; and when they had come within eight or ten miles of the city, the night closed in, and one of the heaviest fogs arose that ever was witnessed on our waters. No land mark or star could be discerned through it, and it was determined, with the passengers' consent, to come to anchor. Having lain at anchor until near eleven o'clock, the fog for a while appeared to disperse, and steam was immediately raised in hopes of proceeding on without further hindrance; but shortly after they had got under sweigh, the fog again thickened, and perseverering to steer from memory, for some fifteen minutes, she stuck fast upon the flats just below Ten Mile Point, where the ebb tide left her stern out of water. The captain having made the best possible provisions for his passengers, manned the small boat and started for the city, where he procured another steamboat and returned to the spot, in which all arrived here in safety.

Much praise is given Captain Davis for his untiring exertions and indefatigable efforts to render the situation of the passengers as comfortable as possible. Between one and two hundred persons were on board the boat.

Extract to the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, dated

Washington City, 24th Feb. 1838.

The conclusion of Mr. Clayton, from Georgia, on the subject of the U. S. Bank, occupied the House yesterday and to-day. In the Senate yesterday, Mr. Dallas, of your city, commenced his speech upon the tariff, and continued to-day. You have doubtless heard him speak in the courts of your city, and do not care about a description of his manner here. A short comparison with those who have preceded him in this debate, may not be uninteresting. He is, in Philadelphia, considered a strong man; but here he appears as possessed more graceful than powerful. This is an disparagement to him. He is far superior to many here; but in comparison with Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, or Mr. Hayne, he appears amazingly; say man that I ever saw will suffer in this comparison. The close reasoning—the overpowering eloquence—and the sweet music of the voice of Gen. Hayne, I have never heard surpassed. I should think Mr. Clay his equal, but not his superior. The dallas might speak quite as well as much as Mr. Webster's every act in the senate, attracts the attention and admiration of all who see him. That deep reflection which marks his countenance, and that gravidence which seems to control his every sentiment, secures him the undivided respect and esteem of all who know him; while that high and lofty turn of feeling which carries him above the little tricks of political manœuvre, excites the envy and the ire of small fellows.

Mr. Calhoun might properly be called the strangest pillar of the republic. He seeks to conceal no sentiment—appears to feel no animosity towards those who traduce and abuse him; his senses carried entirely above all the political or private personalities that may be directed at him. He is perhaps the plainest man in the city. While others, who may never arrive at half his eminence, are dashing in their carriages; you may see Calhoun, wrapt in an old cloak, trudging on to the capitol, through mud and rain, not appearing to know whether he is in sunshine or storm.

Since the rejection of Martin Van Buren, the people of this place, or rather the members of congress, appear to be peculiarly sensitive. Those of four weeks have been especially irritable. Indeed, on three occasions Mr. Webster particularly, tried very hard to get a fight. Within a day or two, public feeling has been a good deal excited by an occurrence which took place in the house of representatives between Messrs. Branch and White. Some very personal remarks were made, a good deal of angry feeling was manifested, and it was yesterday reported, that they had gone out of town to settle the matter. This report, however, was not true.

There no doubt will be something done, for they are both men of determined courage, and both are implicated in dishonor; but the perpetual raining with which we are troubled, will prevent it yet, for no one, I suspect, would like to stand in the rain to be shot at, much less shot down in the mud. And here, I think, I may point you to an evidence of the corruption and wretchedness to which the tendency of the nation is daily and uncertainly. One man of high authority cannot meet together at the great council fire of the nation, without their personal feelings being disturbed, and their political interests touched; and the nation's interests must be neglected while we settle our personal difficulties at the point's mouth. We are every day unloading the vices of each other, and every day is augmenting the catalogue of corruption, and we are every day neglecting the national weal, for the base purposes of party, or personal and political favoritism. You may see in all the affairs of the government—in all the officers, and all the institutions, the spirit of personal detraction and political advancement, pervading the whole; and when I look at the probable consequences of this much to be lamented situation of things, I fear that glorious spirit of liberty, which rose and beamed so bright on us, more than half a century ago, is destined, at a day not very distant, to sink below a gloomy horizon—and long, long and dreary will be the years, the ages, which will roll, before another *sun of liberty* shall rise, to flash away the gloomy vista which will hover round the land once trod by freemen!—once bathed with patriotic blood.

In the House, yesterday, Mr. M'Duffie made a grand speech on the Bank question. It is thought that notwithstanding the opposition to that institution, it will be rechartered with certain modifications.

I hope the Tariff will be modified and equalized. If the tariff men do not give way, and meet the Southern men on equal principle, I have no idea that the South will ever be represented in Congress again. They will separate from the Union at once, and then, farewell to liberty.

The President's health appears to be evidently on the decline. I saw him a day or two since, and he was certainly feeble.

The Vice Presidency excites a great degree of interest with us. The President requests that Van Buren shall be nominated at Baltimore. If that is done, we shall have an excited election, and the cause of President will devolve on Congress.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

Mobile, Feb. 17, 1838.

Dear Sir—There is no little excitement here this morning in consequence of the very sudden deaths of five young students. Some say they died of the East Indian Cholera; others that the disease is the cold plague. With one of the deceased I was well acquainted; he was a fine young fellow, universally beloved. He was taken about six o'clock yesterday morning, and died about ten last evening. The doctors pronounced the disease the bilious chalic. I do not feel very pleasant under the circumstances, but should I be assured that any danger exists, I shall leave this place forthwith. I think if the Cholera does get into the [illegible] are constantly arriving, and we have no quarantine regulations. Yours, &c.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Council of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, held on the 17th of February, the following premiums were awarded for fruits and vegetables exhibited to the Society during the past year—

The premium of two dollars, for the best Early Cabbage—to David Field.

The premium of two dollars, for the best Tomato—to Adam Price, of Burlington, N. J.

The premium of two dollars, for the best Artichokes—to the Gardener of J. J. Boise.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Cauliflowers—to James Oldham, the Gardener of George Pepper.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Strawberries—to Robert Scott.

The premium of two dollars, for the best Early Potatoes—to Jacob Eagleman.

A premium of two dollars, for the best Early Cucumbers—to the Gardener of Joshua Longstreth.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Foreign Grapes—to Mrs. Elizabeth Spohn.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Native Grapes—to Aaron Quicksall, of Burlington, N. J. They were of the Elsinborough variety, and decidedly superior to any American Grape the Committee had ever tasted.

An honorary premium of two dollars, for Native Grapes—to Edward H. Bonsall, of Germantown.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Pears—to Samuel Davis, of Harerford Township.

An honorary premium of two dollars, for Pears—to J. B. Smith.

An honorary premium of two dollars, for Quinces—to Jacob Copis.

The premium of ten dollars, offered by the Society in April, 1829, "for the greatest quantity and best quality of Sea Kale, to be exhibited in the Philadelphia market in the year 1831"—to Alexander Parker. C. PICKERING, Rec. Secretary.

A gentleman who witnessed the Procession on Wednesday, states that the left or rear passed the corner of Sixth and Coates' street at 35 minutes past 3 o'clock. At 10 minutes past 3 o'clock the front or head of the procession passed the Coffee House. The distance, then, from Coates' and Sixth, by the course of the procession to Chesnut st. is as follows:

From Coates' and 6th to Callowhill,	2000	feet
" Callowhill up to 9th,	1350	do.
" 9th and Callowhill down to Arch,	1900	do.
" 9th and Arch up to 12th,	1275	do.
" 12th and Arch down to Chesnut,	1300	do.
" 12th and Chesnut down to 8th,	1200	do.
" 8th and Chesnut down to Walnut,	550	do.
" 8th and Walnut down to 5th,	1350	do.
" 5th and Walnut down to Christian,	3750	do.
" 5th and Christian down to 2d,	1450	do.
" 2d and Christian up to Chesnut,	1450	do.
	21,175	ft.

Equal to 4 miles and 55 feet.

On Monday, the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, in Committee of the whole, passed the appropriating sections of the Improvement bill. The Intelligencer says—

Mr. Hemphill's resolution to make a specific appropriation instead of one unlimited sum for the completion of the works under contract, carried by a considerable majority. An ineffectual attempt was made to appropriate something like 97,000 dollars to the south western turnpikes, but an additional appropriation was inserted, appropriating 15,000 dollars to connect the north end or feeder with French creek, and 90,000 dollars to connect the west end with Conneaut Lake. The following appropriations for canals were stricken out.

West Branch Canal	60,000
North Branch Canal	100,000
Monongahela slack water	75,000
French creek Canal	150,000
Beaver Canal	100,000
	485,000

The following are the appropriations in the bill as it now stands, having passed through the committee of the whole:

Philadelphia and Columbia Rail Road	818,000
Canal from Middletown to Portsmouth	30,000
Rail Road over the Alleghany	600,000
Juniata Canal	300,000
Juniata Canal	245,000
West Branch Canal	350,000
French creek Canal	415,000
French creek Feeder	61,000
North Branch Canal	137,000
For Repairs and Damages	300,000
	$3,136,000

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

Monday, Feb. 27.

Mr. Anthony, a watchman, informed the Recorder, (acting in the absence of the Mayor) that he had seen a fellow on last evening, to arrest several young men, who had been guilty of various misdemeanor, in an oyster cellar, in Market near Thirteenth.

Young, the keeper of the oyster cellar, deposed that the prisoners entered his cellar, with the apparent, though of course not avowed purpose, of doing mischief. They asked for something to eat; but he refused to give it them, as he anticipated they had no wish to pay. Suddenly they all in their senses, and commenced smashing, and at such a furious rate, that the cellar was quickly full of smoke. He remonstrated, but they smashed the more, and even while remonstrating immediately underneath his nose. Deponent said it was a shame to disturb a quiet citizen in that way, and begged them to go out of his cellar peaceably—but they would not. He then threatened them with a prosecution, to which one of the prisoners replied, that he had five hundred dollars to spare in a breakfast. Finally the prisoners seized hold of all his eatables and threw them on the floor, they then swung the stove, and smashed through the stove, thus making every light of glass in it.

The prisoners had many excuses to offer, but none calculated to exculpate them from these charges. Some were willing to throw the mantle of an exclusively his counterpart by all were bound over in the sum of five hundred dollars, to answer a charge of riot in the next Mayor's Court.

One of the prisoners, when this business was settled, had a charge against Young for keeping a bawdy house; and swore that he had sold liquor by the small without proper license. To sustain the first charge, a young gentleman, not connected with this prosecution, offered his testimony, and to prove the latter, a boy was produced who made oath that he had purchased liquor of Young, at the rate of three cents per glass.

Young was also bound over to Court, in heavy bail, to answer these imputations.

Hugh Pue, a city constable, arrested a man last evening, having in his possession a lot of wet clothes, apparently just taken from a line, which he had been ordered for sale. The bundle contained various articles, ruffles, caps, &c. some of them marked "E. R." The prisoner, John Green, said he had obtained them from one Peggy Osborn, who requested him to sell them, and pay over the proceeds to her. The story being unsatisfactory and unsatisfactory, he was committed until the matter could be more fully investigated.

A Mr. Matthews, a Frenchman, utterly unable to articulate a word in our vocabulary, was brought up under a charge of intoxication. He had been found fast asleep in Filbert street. When asked the cause of this strange behaviour, he mentioned that he had drank too much wine. He was fined and discharged.

Tuesday.—One of the western watchmen, while standing before his box, between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning, was informed by three countrymen, that a suspicious looking personage was prowling about their waggons in Market street; the watchman stepped over and found the prisoner playing the jawharp to several horses. Deponent asked prisoner's name, and he replied, "*Major* Fullerton, of the Pennsylvania Militia." Deponent asked the countrymen if they had any charge to allege against the Major, and they answered, No—that if he would go about his business the waterman might let him go; if he came back again they said they would horsewhip him.

The Major accordingly walked off, but in the course of an hour, he was observed dogging about the same place. The watchman, therefore thought proper to arrest him.

When before the Recorder, the Major stated that he arrived in the city last evening; that he stopped in a tavern, and took some refreshment, and then started off, to look for a lodging place, which he found some difficulty in finding. He had left Lancaster, he said, about three days ago. His regular residence is with his parents, near Columbia, in this State, where he follows farming. Being closely questioned, the Major appeared much confused, and either intoxicated or unwilling to give a correct account of himself. He was detained for further examination, as a notice had been received from the Sheriff of Lancaster county, informing the police of this city, that eleven persons had escaped from the Lancaster jail, on the 21st ult. and he was presumed to be one of them.

Wednesday.—Captain Bargar brought up this morning, a young girl, who had been committed to his care the evening previous, by several ladies in the vicinity of Ninth and Market streets. She stated her name to be Ann Fisher, and related to the Recorder the following circumstances:

As she was going from her work, about nine o'clock last evening, to her residence in College Avenue, she was accosted by a genteely dressed man, who asked if he might accompany her. The girl made no reply, until he asked the question for the fourth time, when she desired him to let her pass unmolested. He remained, however, in his obtrusion, and at length took hold of her arm, and turned her along, in another direction from that she was going, up Sixth street. A few doors above Race, he endeavored to drag her into a strange house. Here she struggled violently to release herself from him; and some ladies observing the movement, came to her assistance, and the man ran away.

The Recorder placed her in the custody of a watchman to be taken home.

[When the watchman returned, it was ascertained that the principal part of Ann's story was a fabricated one—Her mother's residence was not in College Avenue, but somewhere in Seventh street. She had appeared, recently been discharged from the service of a respectable lady, in consequence of her bad behaviour. Her mother, as she informed the Recorder, was absent in the South, and he, Recorder, to place her in the House of Refuge. The Recorder strongly admonished the girl on the impropriety of her conduct, and assured her that if he heard further complaints, she should be placed in custody.]

A watchman in whose beat is located the neighborhood of Fourth and Market street, deposed that on the morning of the 23d ult., as he was passing Mr. Hartley's paper warehouse, he discovered a light in the cellar. Looking through the window he noticed a burly black fellow sweeping about, as if seeking for something to lay his hands upon. He called to him, but on the instant the light was extinguished. Being now assured that all was not right, he sprung his rattle, and proceeded up the alley, where, from a back entrance into the cellar, he found the black fellow crawling out.

The springing of the rattle awakened Mr. Hartley, who, upon coming down, recognised the prisoner as one of several individuals he had employed the day before to clean his sink.

David, the black fellow, acknowledged he had no business in the cellar, though he strongly protested he had no idea of stealing. The Recorder thought that assertion exceedingly doubtful, and the prisoner was committed.

Forward, a watchman, stated that about 12 o'clock, the night previous, he met three shabbily dressed men, in a glorious state of intoxication. Thinking their movements suspicious, he watched, and at length saw them enter an unoccupied building in Water street near Walnut. In a short time after, he went in also, and found them rolling about the floor, which was strewed over with filth to the depth of several inches. He arrested them as vagrants.

Two young men were found quarrelling at the corner of Ninth and Spruce street, as watchman was passing, about 12 o'clock. One held an umbrella, which the other claimed as his property. The watchman tried, but in vain, to settle the difference, and finally took them both to the watch-house. In the morning, Purdy, the one who insisted upon retaining the umbrella, said, in consequence of the owner wearing his hat disguised over his eye, he did not recognise him: They were both fined for intoxication.

Thursday.—Moses Coaty, a lusty black fellow, was brought before the Recorder, this morning, for an assault and battery committed upon the person of Miller Thompson, his wife. The complainant stated that Moses was in the habit of coming to see her and his children occasionally, when he was done his work, (he lived out at service) on which occasions she generally gave him something to eat, in the shape of a nice tit bit, and a glass of sweetened. Last evening he came home as usual, but as she intended going out to work in the morning, she had nothing of the sort to give him, as she must leave all her provisions for her children. Moses liked not the disappointment, as his greedy appetite had been feeding, in anticipation, upon some delicious rarity, and he told Miller, that in truth he must have something. So he went straight to the provision chest, and commenced a search. Miller followed, and insisted that she was the mistress of her own house, and that Moses should not do as he pleased. Moses, then, in a fit of exasperation, put his dear and affectionate wife, Mrs. Miller Thompson, out into the street.

Miss Anna Maria Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Miller Thompson by a former husband, being called upon for her testimony, stepped up to the bar with the trepidation natural to a novice in a court of law, and after several courtesys, declared, in a cry as superlatively affected, that Moses was a very bad man indeed; he abused her terribly, and said bad words, very revolting to a delicate ear. He called her—the most amiable creature this side the moon, and the most affectionate in existence!—a common nuisance, and a scoundrel. Her mortifying assertions at his low ways, completely, at times, overpowered her weak nerves, and she had, on more than one occasion, absolutely fainted with affright. She begged the Recorder to chide Moses severely for his rude behaviour.

Moses had great difficulty in keeping his tongue still while these things were said of him. At length, when the field was cleared, he commenced a speech, and for about fifteen minutes, he ran on in a loud style, narrating the events of his life, for the past twenty years. We were able to understand no connexion in his words, and from the whole tenor of his discourse, we infer he wished to say something of this sort:—

That Mrs. Moses Miller Thompson, was a woman no better than she should be, and that Miss Anna Maria Thompson was an affected young lady, who never knew nothing and always did; that Mrs Thompson was provided for by deponent's labor, and that she very ungenerously fed her own children from the food provided for the children of Moses; that Miss Thompson affected a lady-like demeanor when in genteel company; but that Miss Thompson, when at home, was quite another Miss Thompson, and a Miss Thompson that could, and did say as many ugly words as any she-nigger in the country, &c.

The Recorder gave Moses, and the parties, a severe lecture, and threatened, in case any further complaints were were made, to commit the whole posse to prison.

Education in Baltimore.—It appears by a debate in the Maryland legislature, there are 14,297 children in Baltimore between the age of 5 and 15. There are 175 schools in Baltimore, but yet it is calculated that over 500 children are destitute of uniform or regular instruction. In spite of the evidence showing the deficiency in public instruction in various parts of the Union, there is yet a class of men who are eternally collecting money to send to foreign countries under the pretence of instructing the ignorant. Vide the letters, papers, and meetings put forth by the "Fudge Family" of Greece, in relation to schools and colleges on Mars Hill at Athens, &c.

From the Baltimore Intelligencer.

TRIAL OF MRS. CHAPMAN.

On Saturday night last, about eleven o'clock, Lucretia Chapman, alias Mina, was acquitted of the charge of murdering her late husband, William Chapman. This was the result of a most arduous, but deliberate investigation of eleven days. The Court sat on an average eight hours a day; on the last day, more than eleven hours. In noticing the result and a few of the incidents of this highly interesting trial, we have no intention to infringe upon the strict rule of the Court, which is, that no publication shall be made of the facts and evidence disclosed until after the trial of Mina, which will not take place until the 23d day of April next. Appreciating, as we do, the reason of the rule, we shall not, however unwelcome it may prove to the eager curiosity of the public, transcend the limits which authority and exact justice impose upon us, by exposing in print, any statement which may affect the chance of a fair trial for the Spaniard. Reporters at the tables in Court, who had come prepared to spread abroad the proceedings through the Philadelphia newspapers, were required to be vouched for by counsel; so that every precaution, within the power of the Court, has been used to prevent any dissemination of the evidence; and for the obvious and simple reason, that it would affect the rights of the remaining prisoner.

We may, however, undertake to say, that a more extraordinary history has not for very long time, come to the ears of the people. It may well be 'said, that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." No writer of romance, however bold and extravagant, has undertaken to string together a chain of occurrences so improbable; no historian has recorded events more authentic. With all the light of evidence, of scientific research, of unwearied scrutiny, there is still a mystery hanging, like the thick darkness of Egypt, upon those parts of the transaction which it was emphatically the province of the ministers of justice to ferret out.

Nearly thirty witnesses for the prosecution, and about fifteen for the defendant, were examined. The evidence was closed on Friday, and in the afternoon of that day's session, Mr. Reed addressed the Jury in a speech of four hours in length, enforcing, in a manner, which gained him high credit and applause, the strong points of the prosecution. His allusion to the children of the prisoner, who had been, during great part of the trial, sitting at her side in the box, was exceedingly well chosen and effective. He drew from the page of history, as a parallel for their affecting situation, an anecdote, in which little children were represented to have offered up their supplications, to beseech for that mercy from the Deity, which their guilty parents dared not ask for.

He was followed in the morning of Saturday, by Mr. M'Call, in a speech of three hours for the prisoner. He spared no pains to fulfil every point of his duty to his client, and acquitted himself as a successful pleader. Mr. Brown spoke four hours, and Mr. Ross two hours and a half. Our object is not to heap compliments upon counsel, and we will therefore only say, that the fame of the former named gentleman for energy and eloquence was fully sustained; and our Prosecuting Attorney consummated that persevering zeal and determination which he has abundantly manifested ever since the first suspicion of the murder.

Judge Fox summed up the whole case on Saturday evening, in a charge of somewhat less than two hours in length. What his views were, it would of course, be improper for us to intimate. The verdict, which was returned a few minutes past eleven, after two hours absence of the Jury, was *Not Guilty*. Mrs. Chapman was then discharged by proclamation, and she returned to her former residence on Sunday. On Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, Mina's trial, after argument by Rush for the prisoner, and Ross for the Commonwealth, was postponed until next Court—mainly on the ground of the publication of a letter signed by Lucretia Chapman, which was copied by the Republican of this village from the Boston Morning Post.—Upon the postponement of Mina's trial to the next term, the Court took occasion to repeat in former injunction, inhibiting the publication of any of the evidence which had been introduced in the trial of Mrs. Chapman, or any comments thereupon tending in any way to prejudice the [illegible] His Honor, Judge Fox, referred to the assurances which had been given on behalf of those who had been admitted within the bar, to take notes of evidence, and could not suspect a want of fidelity to the wishes of the Court. The Court strongly intimated its determination to enforce its order rigidly, to the utmost of their authority, and suggested to the counsel of Mina, how far a publication in a Philadelphia paper, and sent into this County, would render the publisher liable to this Court.

The evidence of Drs. Mitchell, Hopkinson, Togno, and Mr. Clemson, (a distinguished chemist, was of a most interesting character, not only as connected with this trial, but as important illustrations in medical jurisprudence. Col. Da Cuesta, the Mexican Consul, resident at Philadelphia, attended as a witness on the part of Mrs. Chapman, and gave a full account of the visits and transactions of Mina and Mrs. C. at his office, and in his house. The gentlemanly deportment and amiable manner of this gentleman were his ready passports to the esteem of all who became in any degree known to him, and we would vouch for the same favorable impressions upon all who attended during his examination. He was on the stand about four hours.

From the Cincinnati American—Extra.

THE FLOOD.

Thursday Morning, Feb. 16.—The river "still continues on the rise." It is undoubtedly 64 feet above low water mark. Yesterday it rose at the rate of an inch an hour. From 6 o'clock last evening to 6 this morning, we should think at the rate of an inch and a half an hour. The *Amulet* from above reports we may expect from 12 to 16 inches more. It was falling above the Great Kenawha, and was at a stand below. It rose several inches while the boat was at Maysville. We should hope the above may not be correct, for the scene already presented is distressing, but we understand a foot is the *least* estimate.—This morning it continues to rise at the rate of an inch per hour.

We took a boat in company with a number of others yesterday afternoon, and rowed to the lower part of the city. The scene presented cannot easily be described. It was painful to witness destruction on so vast a scale. Some houses upset—others in imminent danger. The water reached the roofs of the more humble, and the windows of the second stories of good frame houses. Flat boats loaded with women and children, furniture and live stock. Race, Vine, Elm, and Walnut, busy with the moveables. The paper mills appeared to be in the middle of the river, if river it can be called. Skiffs were passing in every direction. We returned via Front street. The fine houses flooded, the lower part of the street quite deserted, and the second stories occupied of those nearer Maine—but loads of furniture from Water street formed a melancholy *tout ensemble*. The conflagration of a few houses is sure to awaken the sympathies of the benevolent, and call for timely relief. But we cannot stay the flood of waters, nor can we hope to afford such assistance to the hundreds deprived of house and home, as to alleviate entirely their severe misfortunes. Committees, however, appointed at the late public meetings, are on the alert—let every hand be open to give. The committee of vigilance can be found, at all times, at the *Council Chamber*, on Fourth, between Maine and Walnut streets, for the purpose of affording relief.

Two of the workmen at Tutt's foundry were drowned last night. They ran down the cellar at the time the embankment gave way, to save, perhaps, some of the effects—the water rushed in with such fury as to render escape impossible. There is a report of two or three children being secured from a floating log cabin, but we cannot trace it to any authentic source.

Friday Morning, Feb. 17.—The work of desolation still continues—the river having reached nearly to lower Market street. Our "composing" room is about a square from the publishing office. When we issued the first extra, no one presumed it would reach much further than Columbia—but all calculations have failed—"it is still on the rise, it is still on the rise," is all that is said or known. The boatmen are crying beneath our windows, "twelve and a half cents to the south of Maine street." Every kind of craft is put in requisition, tubs, boxes, canoes, flats, dugouts, skiffs, yawls, &c. &c. The scene is as lively as the regatta of Venice, though we may not boast of a Bravo or Antonio. We ought to except a baker, who manages his dough with wonderful dexterity.

We cannot enumerate half of the sad calamities rumour is bringing in. The river, as it sweeps past with its accumulated waters, carries with it the wreck of its devastation. A church passed the city with its steeple, bound for New Orleans we presume: a poor market. Excellent frame houses float along, with hay stacks, rails, leaving the farms strip of every vestige of cultivation. The lower Mill Creek bridge started yesterday morning. Hamilton, and Colerain bridges have also floated off, and the bridge over White River in Kentucky. The Kentucky river had backed up as far as Frankfort, 64 miles above its mouth. The Cumberland and the Tennessee were both very high.

We should think the water at this time (Friday Evening) nearly at its height—rising this morning about one half of an inch an hour. We have but little to add to the above. From the "look out" at the Commercial Hotel, corner of Broadway and Front, we had an excellent prospect of "Cincinnati as it is." The waste of waters! The suburbs East and West, with the lower part of the City, as far as Lower Market, the cellars of which are filled with water, were navigable in every direction. Newport opposite to this city, was pretty well afloat—the water reaching nearly to the windows in the second story of the United States Arsenal. Covington does better—some dry land being yet discernible.

The bridges at Dayton and Miamisburgh are seriously injured. The embankments at the former place answered well—no inundation. There are reports of a dreadful flood at New Orleans—probably without foundation. The only lives lost, besides those already mentioned, are two Negroes in the Eastern suburbs.

Charge of Murder.—The mate of the Brig Triton, which arrived here on Monday last from Guinyama, was apprehended yesterday on a warrant issued by the Judge of the U. S. District Court, charging him with the murder of one of the crew on the high seas, on the outward voyage of the brig, the next day after she left this port. The information was given by the crew. The substance of the charge is, that the deceased was assaulted by the mate while the captain was in the cabin, and after being severely beaten with a rope's end, was ordered to go aloft and adjust some of the rigging. While he was engaged in that duty, the mate ascended the shrouds, and again struck him several times, with such violence, that he fell into the sea, and was drowned. The name of the mate is Thomas Seale. The name of the deceased was Phelps. The accused underwent an examination this morning, before Judge Betts, by whom he was fully committed for trial. Four of the crew appeared as witnesses against him. [The ex-parte preliminary testimony of witnesses should always be received with some grains of allowance.]—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Deliberate Murder.—The Alabama Republican, published at Cahawba, Alabama, has the following under date of the 13th ult:—"A slight quarrel took place on Saturday, the 4th ult. between Thomas Pearson and J. W. M'Kinnie, both residents of this county. M'Kinnie was in the habit of peddling, and set off after the quarrel for a round in the neighbourhood—on his return home, to his uncle, Kincher M'Kinnie's, in the afternoon, he had to pass by Pearson's. We understand whilst passing by, in his wagon, Pearson shot him with buck shot through the abdomen, and he expired in about an hour and a half. Pearson has made his escape."

A young lady named Hannah Rice, residing at Swanton Falls, Vt. put an end to her existence on the 13th instant, by drowning herself. It seems that she had been for some time in a delicate state of health, and was subject to extreme depression of spirits. She left the house of her brother on the evening of the above day, and after being absent about an hour, her friends became alarmed, and commenced a search for her. She was traced by her tracks in the snow to the river, where her corpse was discovered, the water being only about twenty inches deep. Her parents reside in this state. Miss Rice is represented to have been a very interesting young lady, and was about 20 years of age.

The Virginia House of Delegates have passed the bill making appropriations for the removal of free negroes from that State by a vote of 79 to 44 and 50,000 dollars, besides 10,000 for a temporary shelter at Liberia. This is the first time that any member of our Confederacy, coming fairly within the list of slave-holding States, has commenced a series of efforts designed eventually to free itself from the curse of slavery. It is an act which reflects great honour upon Virginia, and cannot fail to exert a powerful influence upon other States. The eyes of the community will now be turned to Maryland. Is she prepared to emulate so noble an example?

Wreck.—The Elkton (Md.) Press of Saturday last says—"A man calling himself Thomas Benson, came into our office on Tuesday last, and made the following statement, viz: That the schooner *Flash*, of which vessel he was master, from Vienna bound to Philadelphia, was cast away on the Saturday night previous, between Wirten Point and Howell's Point, by running foul of a large log of wood, which split her completely open. Benson and another man, who was the only persons on board at the time of the accident, escaped in the boat, in which they arrived here on Wednesday evening."

A man named Caleb Baldwin, about 45 years of age, was found dead on Sunday morning last, in the canal, at the bridge, in Washington street, Newark, N. J. It is supposed that he fell off the steps at the bridge, the night before, while in a state of intoxication, as he was found with his face partly buried in the ice. The body was examined by a coroner, who being satisfied that his death was accidental, delivered it to his friends.

At Harrisburgh, on Friday, the House of Representatives negatived the bill authorising the Courts to incorporate Boroughs and Fire Companies; and passed that for a temporary loan of $5.000 for expenses and repairs of the Pennsylvania Canal.

The committee on the charges against Judge Ross of the Supreme Court, reported against the petitioners and was discharged.

The committee of the whole reported the bill authorizing the Corporation of Philadelphia to effect certain improvements according to Mr. Girard's will.

From the Washington Globe of Monday.

CONGRESSIONAL ANALYSIS.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Adams submitted a resolution calling on the President for a copy of the instructions to the agent who negotiated the treaty with the Sublime Porte. The resolutions submitted by Mr. Branch on the 23d instant, calling on the Secretary of the Navy for information respecting the live oak on the public lands in Florida, &c. were taken up. Mr. White of Florida, offered amendments proposing to extend the enquiry.

A discussion of an acrimonious and personal character occurred, between Messrs. Branch and White. The amendments were finally modified by the mover at the instance of Mr. Branch, and, together with the original resolutions, were agreed to by the House. The bill granting letters patent for useful discoveries to certain aliens, was passed. The House resumed, in Committee of the Whole, the consideration of the bill for the relief of Susan Decatur, *et al.*

The amendment proposed by Mr. Pearce, in favor of the nieces of Commodore Decatur, was further discussed by Messrs. E. Everett, Watmough, Beecher, McDuffie, Anderson and Pearce. The amendment was rejected. A motion was then made to strike out the enacting clause of the bill, before the question was taken, the Committee, at the instance of Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, rose, reported progress, and the House adjourned.

At the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary at Reading, Pa., about 1 P. M. in the rapid discharge of artillery, at the first crossing in South Callowhill street, by some unforeseen accident, a premature explosion of one of the pieces took place, whilst two of the bombardiers of the Grays were in the act of ramming home cartridge. The rammer passed through their hands, considerably mutilating the skin and flesh in the palm of each, but we are happy in being able to state, upon good authority, that the injury sustained is not likely to be attended with serious consequences. The names of the wounded are Edward Jackson and Amos Phillippi, two very industrious and amiable young gentlemen.

Foreign Intelligence.

(From late New York Papers.)

THREE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The ship Eagle has arrived at this port, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 14th of January. Her London advices include the morning papers of that capital, of the 13th, being a day and a half later than our former advices, which were to the evening of the 11th inclusive, by the way of Paris. There is of course no news from France.

The Cholera.—*Jan.* 11

THE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

FLOUR, per bbl. from wagon..... $4 81½
do. do. 4 62½
MEAL, per barrel..... 2 00
do. do. 1 88
RYE, per bushel..... 80
CORN MEAL, do. 50
GRASS SEED, per bushel..... 3 50
TIMOTHY SEED, do. 2 25
FLAX SEED, do. 3 12½
BEEF, do. 1 75
BEEF CATTLE, do. 4 75
SHEEP, do. 4 50
HOGS, per gallon, in bbls. 35
do. do. in bbls. 30
CORN, per bu. 75
OATS, No. 1, in loads, per bu. 40
do. do. 35
Ground, per bushel 50
Rye, per bu. 75
Wheat, ... 1 12½
Corn, do. 75
Oats, do. 40
Timothy Seed, per bu. 2 25
Flax Seed, do. 1 75
Beef, per lb. 6
Pork, do. 6
Mutton, do. 5
Veal, do. 6
Lard, do. 10
Tallow, do. 6
Butter, do. 18
Cheese, do. 10
Eggs, per dozen 12½
Potatoes, per bu. 37½
Onions, do. 50
Apples, do. 1 00
Dried Apples, per lb. 3
Peaches, do. ..... 12 to 16
Feathers, per lb. ..... 37½ to 50
Hides, per lb. 6
Calf Skins, do. 12½
Sheep Skins, each 75
Rough Wool, do. 75

Published for the Saturday Evening Post, every Friday, by H. WITMER, Merchants' Ex. 261 Market street.

To Masters.—We have a further reduction in the price of coal. Three quarters of 2000 lbs. having been sold on Monday at five shillings. The late advance from Baltimore prices, however, has not affected the market, as buyers were willing to sell at that price. The prices in Baltimore were $3. 75.—Very little doing in Rye Flour, and the price is also tending to Corn Meal in barrels; a sale has been made at $3.62½. A cargo of Southern Wheat, of 3000 bushels, Yellow Corn, at 47 cents; Oats at 34½ cts. at Pigeon's at 5½ cts. afloat. Sales of Whiskey from the wagon at 28 cents, bbls. dull at 27. Sales of Cloverseed in retail parcels, 6d paid for prime lately.—Very little doing in other articles, and no change in prices.

The New York Market, Feb. 25.—Money affairs are not quite so close as last week. Dry goods still better. Cotton and coffee are quiet. The prices of Flour at the close are nearly finally sustained. The Storm May's cut off Bales from Buenos Ayres has been sold, chiefly at private; 1 and 2 mos. The following are the particulars of the general stock of Cotton, taken with much care. In New York, Feb. 25th: Upland and Florida 70,000; New Orleans 3,000; West India 2,000; Sea Island 1,000; Alabama 1,000; Columbia 10,000; Valparaiso 3,000; Cadiz 10,000.—Total 80,000.—Journ. Com.

LONDON MARKETS, Feb. 13.—Foreign Stocks.—By some mistake there has evidently been any business done. Spanish 5 per cents sold 18½ Cortes, 21 Barcelo, Havana Sugar at 20 with a demand, 19 to 20 higher; good to fine white 21 to 22. 3d Orleans Retail sold; yellow 17 to 18. Brown 15 to 16. The coffee market has been very dull all the week, and no sales have been effected the prices were lower, and the quantity 78 Domingo sold at 36s. The Tallow market has been very heavy at rather an improving currency. Rice or Hemp there is little variation. The Market closed heavy.—Tobacco.—The only late purchases are 300 hhds. Kentucky, which sold at a low rate at the end of the 100 hhds. for Ireland. Ashes have fallery upwards. Pot and Pearl respectively about 20s. Rice is more on

Rates of Public Stocks, in this City, during the past week.

		Per Cent
1,000 Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Stock, re-deemable in	1827, at	107
1 share Bank of the United States		125½
1 do. Bank of North America		432
1 do. Philadelphia Bank		118
1 do. Schuylkill do.		241
1 do. Susquehanna Bank		214
1 do. Delaware & Raritan Canal		18
1 do. Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Rail Road		48

Furnished by Solomons, Lehman, Stock and Exchange Brok's, No. 44 South Third Street.

Newspapers for the U. S. Post and Casket.

Bowie, N. Y.	Wm. Mallory.
Georgetown, S. C.	E. B. Rathmahler, Esq. P. M.
Newport, R. I.	Thos. Cogswell, Jr.
Bruin's Castle, Va.	B. Cocke, Esq. P. M.
St. Simon, Va.	C. Whiting, Assist't P. M.
Sidney City, Ohio	Kenton Cooke, Esq. P. M.
Wrought Copper, Ga.	Thos. Watson, Esq. P. M.
Warrenton, Va.	J. P. Keuper, Deputy P. M.
White Hall, S. C.	Lipscomb & Barker.
Puerto, Mex.	John Nanson, Esq.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, March 3, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The article on Napoleon came safely to hand.

The communication by last night's mail has been received, and shall have the second correspondents. We cannot do best on our second page.

The abstract of Jenner's article is still in course of preparation for the next; we cannot promise at this time.

Some very clever beauty has sent us, as remembrance, an old portrait of venerable envy of a Turk, and wished there is a lady's signature. If we can detect him, we shall hand him over to the thinking readers for punishment.

The letter of our young friend, Mr. Snelling, is received with all possible courtesy.—Jenny will most assuredly attend.

"The Maid of Spring," is on file.

The pieces from Irene, we feel compelled to reject.

"The Captain Boy's Legend," is under consideration.

It is stated in a London paper, that the private secretary of M. Casimir Perier has brought an action against the Tribune newspaper, for asserting that he had received a kick from M. Perier. The trial is expected to be a very curious one. The secretary lays his damages high, but it is supposed that if he recover any they will be trifling. C. Perier himself, and one of his colleagues, sometime ago brought an action against an Editor, who accused them of taking enormous bribe; the damage awarded to their excellencies were twenty-five francs each.

The plane making establishment in Lilly Alley, near Green street, occupied by Mr. Jones, was destroyed by fire last Friday evening. Considerable loss in tools, materials, &c. was sustained by the proprietor. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The alarm of fire on Monday morning, was occasioned by the partial burning of Mr. Thomas Owen's cabinet ware and Venitian blind making establishment, in Sixth street, near the corner of Arch. The fire caught from the stove pipe, while the hands were at breakfast. The loss is not heavy.

Messrs. Huger & Pell's type foundry, New York, was destroyed by fire on Thursday evening of last week. Damage to the amount of $9,000 was sustained. The contents of the building were partially insured.

On Saturday morning last, a destructive fire broke out in a frame building, in Catherine Lane, N. York. About sixteen dwellings were consumed, generally the residences of depraved characters.

Soon after the above, a fire broke out in a grocery store, corner of Duane and Rose street, which was not extinguished until that and two adjoining dwellings were destroyed.

D. & W. Pilkinton's hat manufactory, in West Chester county, N. York, was destroyed by fire on the 5th ult. under circumstances which created strong suspicions that it was the work of an incendiary. A development has since been made which has led to the arrest of four young men in that county, and their committal to prison to take their trial upon the charge. One of the Messrs. S. resides in New York, and is the same individual against whom the conspiracy was formed, for the purpose of sending him to Prison. The destruction of his property, appears to have been a part of the original plan, it being the design of the gang to strip him of his worldly goods, as well as his good name.

A fire broke out in Mr. Snelling's tailor shop, Boston, one evening last week. Immediately above was the office of the Boston Evening Gazette, which was trifingly injured. The Napier Firemen which the paper is worked sustained some damage.

The members of the Boston Engine company, No. 6, have formed themselves into a Temperance Society, and have agreed to drink nothing stronger than hot coffee or chocolate.

DIFFICULTIES AT WASHINGTON.

The daily papers of the past week have teemed with the correspondence growing out of a dispute between certain Senators and Commissioners of Washington, in connexion with the recent rejection of Mr. Van Buren. Several challenges have passed between the parties, but owing to some technical difficulties, more by one and another, no hostile meeting has yet taken place. The proceedings are sufficiently discreditable to all the parties implicated. It is lamentable to witness that the highest offices of our government countenance, encourage and practice that most barbarous feudal custom, duelling—a custom condemned, wherefrainedly, by every moral member of the community. It is to be regretted that our laws are not more severe against this practice. Were it in our power, we would have every person engaged in a duel, either as principal or second, not only ineligible to public office, but scouted from decent society.

The cause of contention appears to have arisen from a publication in the New York Courier, charging Mr. Poindexter, of Mississippi, and Gov. Moore, of Alabama, with underhand dealings, in procuring a letter from Samuel E. Clement, relating a conversation which took place between the writer and Mr. Van Buren, and with having advanced money to said Clement, to establish a newspaper in the Western States. To a card, repelling these insinuations, Col. Webb replied, that those members of the New York Delegation, were responsible for the calumnies circulated.

Shortly after, on the 15th of Feb. Mr. Poindexter addressed a letter to Mr. Bergen, one of the New York Delegation, asking if he were one of the members of Congress alluded to, and directing the reply to be made through his friend, Mr. Dixon of South Carolina. To this, Mr. Bergen replied, through his friend, Col. Webb—that Mr. Clement did relate, in his presence, that Mr. Poindexter and Gov. Moore, had agreed to aid him with funds to establish a paper in Mississippi or Alabama: that he repeated the conversation to Col. Webb, but did not make himself responsible for any inferences which he, (Col. W.) might make from it. This reply was returned to Mr. Bergen by Mr. Dixon as unsatisfactory. Col. Webb then informed Mr. Davis, that no other communication would be offered, and so the affair rested for a time.

Mr. Poindexter then addressed a letter to Mr. Hoffman, secretary of the New York Delegation, making similar inquiries. Mr. Hoffman replied that he also was present when Mr. Clement related the statement made by Mr. Bergen, but that with the inferences and conclusions of the editor of the Enquirer, he had nothing to do; neither did he offer to vouch for the truth of Mr. Clement's assertion. Mr. Poindexter repeated, and asked if the publication in the Enquirer was made at Mr. Hoffman's suggestion. Mr. H. replied that he had no agency in it whatever. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Poindexter next demands of Mr. Hoffman, whether or not he believed the published statement was, in substance, correct. To this Mr. H. very justly gave exemption from insult, and refused an answer. Poindexter then challenged him to fight, but Mr. H. very properly declined meeting him. His last letter concludes thus:—

"Confinedly and unfortunately answered on the only point to which you had narrowed the controversy—you have never appealed to force, and demand of the personal satisfaction—because, although you are a stranger to me, I decline giving any opinion on certain imputations never authorized by me, and to which I am in no sense a party.

"These sufficient reasons preclude the propriety of assigning any. I may deem others, for not accepting your challenge; and I must decline all further correspondence with an individual, who will contend, that he is seriously injured in his honor, because one to whom he is a stranger, and who has confessedly cast no imputations on him, will not withdraw a belief, that imputations cast on him by another, are untrue.

"The Searcher of hearts alone, is entitled to know its unuttered thoughts. Yours, &c."

The next affair concerns Gov. Moore, of Alabama, and Mr. Bergen, and originated in a letter from the former—through the hands of Gov. Miller, of S. C.—calling upon the latter to disclaim any participation in the offensive publication in the Enquirer, referred to in Mr. Poindexter's letter. Mr. Bergen, through Col. Webb, returned a copy of his answer to Mr. Poindexter, adding that he did not perceive any necessity for varying the language. This reply was dated, Saturday, Feb. 18th. On the following day, (Sunday,) Gov. Miller returned the letter as unsatisfactory, to Mr. Bergen, and at the same time begged that Col. Webb might not be the bearer of any other note to Gov. Moore, in as much as he, (Gov. M.) did not consider Col. Webb a gentleman. Mr. Bergen subsequently replied that he had chosen Col. Webb as his friend, to act for him in this matter, and he would receive no communications except through his hands. Thus this correspondence terminated.

Col. Webb, on the 21st February, published in the Washington Globe, a long letter, addressed to Gov. Miller, in which he reviews the whole case. He regards the plea of Gov. Moore, that he will not fight, because Col. Webb, the second to Mr. Bergen, is no gentleman, as cowardly, and adds:—

"If the records of the Courts of the State of New York, could give to my recollection, the A fair calumet has which the records of the Courts of Mississippi fix upon the character of the Honorable George Poindexter, or if the records of the Police Office of the City of New York, could blacken my name, as effectually as the records of the Police Office of this City, point out the dolour of the associations of your principal—the Honourable Gabriel Moore; then could they, with propriety, refuse to meet me as a principal; but even then, unfortunate as I must assuredly would be, they would not have a right to object to Mr. Bergen's employing me as his friend."

Subsequently, in the Washington Telegraph, Gov. Moore published a long "card," directed against Mr. Bergen. He concludes as follows:—

"By retreating behind Webb, he (Bergen) has placed himself without the pale of honor, and below animadversion. I am restrained by self-respect, by respect for the body of which he is a member, and a regard for the feelings of those who would participate in the consequent degradation, from inflicting upon him that personal chastisement which a calumny so base, and which, but for his shuffling cowardice, his accidental relation to society would seem to demand. But, degraded as he is, if he can prevail upon any one of the thirty-eight Representatives of New York to bear his answer, (and he surely can if he has any claims to be considered a gentleman,) it will receive the proper notice by me."

We pretend not to say who is right and who is wrong, in this matter, we regret the whole affair as disgraceful to the country. Personal disputes, it is true, will arise, of necessity, where the zeal of political partizans outrage discretion, but under no circumstances, in a gentleman responsible for moving the offensive and degrading epithets, which have been bandied upon one and another, in the correspondence.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of Washington's birth-day, appears to have been general in all the principal cities of the Union. Exchange papers from all parts, contain notices of the festivities of the day, and even in obscure villages, where a procession was deemed inexpedient, an oration, or an address, was delivered in a public place. These movements we take as an evidence of the deep regard our people have for the principles which governed this great man, and as a mark of reverence for the virtues of the character. It would be lamentable were it otherwise.

His were no ordinary talents; his devotion to his country was a devotion of honor, of fortune, of life, his example stands sui generis,—unapproachable by that of any other patriot, known in ancient or modern history. To the American citizen a contemplation of Washington's life and character, is ever full of the deepest interest, and the recent manifestations of reverence for his memory, cannot but produce the most gratifying reflections.

The Good Will Fire company have recently much improved on the equipments worn by Philadelphia firemen. They wear leather hats, round on the top, and with capes attached, effectually protecting the neck from water. The cape may be closed in front also, so that under any circumstances, the wearer will scarcely soil his under dress. The equipments are remarkably neat in appearance; we presume they will be more generally adopted.

We hear it asserted that a large portion of the Jackson party in this state, are anxious for the nomination of Judge M'Lean, of Ohio, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency. This, we infer from the favour with which this intelligent gentleman is regarded throughout the Union, would be a very popular measure.

THE FORSAKEN.

It must be acknowledged that the censures in which the illiberal, in past times, indulged against American literature, were not wholly without foundation. The anxious strugglings of an infant people, comparatively poor, and devoted entirely to the accumulation of wealth, affords neither the leisure nor the liberality necessary to foster literature into vigorous life. Authors could find no publishers willing to risk a hazardous appeal to the public; and even if publishers were occasionally found sufficiently enterprising to attempt a new work, without the sanction of an English public, the edition generally slept, undisturbed by public patronage, upon their shelves. Those days have passed.—The lapse of time, and the natural transition from poverty to wealth and from labour to leisure, have opened a new era in the literary history of our country. We may now congratulate ourselves on having a reading public, disposed to regard with favour the efforts of native talent. Every month sees some new candidate for literary honours; and several authors, worthy the reputation of the country, have already found, in the applause and patronage of the public, a substantial and adequate reward.

While we rejoice in the liberal disposition generally evinced towards native authors, it becomes our duty, a duty we owe the literature of the age and the reputation of the country, to see that it does not lead us into encouraging weakness and fostering folly.

No branch of literature has flourished so rapidly, beneath the smile of the public, as novel writing. The press teems with novels, tales, &c. with a fecundity almost incredible; and it must be confessed that the indulgent reception of some of them by the public, has evinced more good nature and benevolence, than judgment and taste. In taking up the "Forsaken," we commenced its perusal with a disposition to let no partiality on account of the merits of its author, sway us in his favour. The result has shown that it was not necessary. "The Forsaken" is, in our opinion, a production of exalted merit. The plot is well conceived, supported and developed; the incidents are natural and effective, and the characters spiritedly and effectively drawn, and the interest of the piece is kept up throughout, and in many parts thrilling and intense. A description of the state of the country in the vicinity of Philadelphia, when that city was the seat of war, is peculiarly interesting. He has given to each of his incidents a local habitation which the Philadelphia antiquary will readily recognize, and which adds much to the value and interest of the work. The portraiture of the American camp at Valley Forge, during the darkest period of the war, and when our freezing and famished host had dwindled into the miserable shade of an army, will be read with much satisfaction. The incidents of the piece and the grouping and colouring of the characters are highly dramatic and effective.—Among the numerous scenes of that kind which occur through the work, we may mention the death of Corwin as the most striking. But it is not merely for its thrilling and enchaining interest of the tale that we commend the work thus highly. It is with the general filling up and the occasional and passing reflections that we are most gratified. They display an acuteness of observation, a vigor of mind and an elegance and purity of style, which will rescue the work from the sentimental trash of the day and give its author an enviable standing among the gifted and powerful writers of the age.

We had purposed giving a detailed review of the Forsaken, but our limits will not permit it.—We must therefore commend it, as one of the finished and spirited works of the kind which has issued from the American press, to the attention of our readers.

THEATRICAL.

ARCH STREET.—Miss Vincent, whose successful debut we slightly noticed in our last paper, has appeared in prominent characters, several times during the week.—She has excited considerable interest, as she is certainly an actress of more than ordinary merit. Her perfect self command on the stage, and the facility with which she attends to dramatic business, has given rise to an opinion that she has had more experience in theatricals than the announcement bills gave her credit for. We are assured, however, by the managers, upon whose word we place implicit reliance, that Miss V. is entirely new to the stage, and that her first appearance at this house, was her first appearance on any stage.

The lady's style of acting bears a slight resemblance to that of the fascinating Miss Clara Fisher, though she has less playful animation about her. Her readings are correct and emphatic, and her attitudes are generally graceful. Her countenance is susceptible of much expression, but her transitions from one feeling or passion to another, are less marked than in older actresses. Her movements are perfectly free from embarrassment.

Miss V. performed *Virginia* on Monday evening in a very creditable manner. Her *Kate O'Brien*, in the afterpiece, was lively and spirited, and her little Irish brogue, or, as Mrs. Knight's pronunciation of that character. She appeared on Wednesday evening, in *Clari*, for the third time, and was greeted with the most cheering approbation. She is a valuable acquisition to the stage.

Mr. Hamblin and *Mr. Wilson* are performing at this house, on alternate nights. The former is one of the best tragedians of the day. Mr. W., on Tuesday, appeared as *Richard the Third*. With many parts of the play—especially the interview with Lady Anne—he were much pleased. He is from the western states.

The new and successful Tragedy of *Conrad of Naples*, will be produced shortly. Much anxiety is manifested to witness its second representation. The delay in producing it, has been occasioned, we are informed, by an exchange of parts, with the two principal performers. *Mr. Scott* will appear as the hero, and *Mr. Meadows* as *Corrado*.—These gentlemen are rapidly advancing in public estimation.

The managers, we understand, have engaged a literary gentleman of this city, to dramatize Bulwer's new novel of *Eugene Aram*. Many of the incidents in this novel are well adapted for stage representation.

CHESNUT STREET.—The managers of this house are making renewed efforts to present rich entertainments to their patrons. A number of very pretty novelties have been produced during the past week, and others are understood to in preparation. *Mr. Hoorn* appeared on Monday evening, in the character of *Hamlet*—decidedly one of his best. Although a very brief notice was given of his engagement, the house was respectably filled. Mrs. Knight, a vocalist of more than ordinary merit, commenced an engagement on the same evening.

Mr. Pearson performed the part of *William Tell*, on Tuesday evening, in a masterly manner.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Knight gave several new songs, in the two pieces in which she appeared. Her engagement, we feel assured, will prove a lucrative one both to herself and the managers, and a source of much gratification to the musical ladies and gentlemen of this city.

Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Knight performed together on Thursday evening, and attracted a respectable audience.

A new opera entitled the "*Maid of Judah*" was produced at the Park theatre, New York, on Monday evening. It is a piece in three acts, founded on Scott's romance of Ivanhoe.

Mrs. Kappel, recently from Europe, is highly praised in the New York papers. She is expected in this city shortly.

Mr. Fox is performing with great success at New Orleans.

Clara Fisher is playing at Charleston.

On Tuesday last the large three story brick house, corner of Charles and Camden sts., Baltimore, was discovered to be on fire. By great exertion the flames were subdued before much damage was sustained. Mr. Edward Needles, an efficient member of the fire department, met with a severe accident in the course of the fire. In attempting to remove a hose, he was brought in contact with one of the engines, and had his leg fractured.

Cottage Evening Tales, just published by Messrs. Carey and Hart, is a work full of interesting and entertaining sketches, essays, &c. No reader will lay it down without being sensibly edified. We recommend it to the perusal of our readers. It is sold at 37½ cents per copy.

Dr. Bird, of this city, author of the *Gladiator*, has just finished, we understand, another tragedy, under the title of *Oralloosa*, which he intends shortly placing in the hands of *Mr. E. Forrest*. The scene of the play is laid in South America, and the fable, partly historical, is connected with events which occurred soon after the discovery of that country. It is thought to be even superior to Dr. B's. previous drama.

AMPHITHEATRE AND RIDING SCHOOL.—A correspondent informs us that it is in contemplation to erect a capacious brick edifice, or amphitheatre, at the N. E. corner of Coates' street and Old York Road, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made—the building to be eighty feet on Coates' street, and one hundred and fifty feet in depth. Connected with the establishment is to be a first rate riding school; and it is further stated that a company is now forming, with the object of raising a capital of $50,000 for the above purpose. The shares are fixed at $100 each, and the books, will soon be publicly opened. We give this on anonymous authority, but the project is plausible.

It is mentioned that a meeting of Young Ladies of the first respectability is about to be called in the city of New York, for the purpose of devising some plan to improve the morals and habits of the Young Gentlemen. A presumption and resolutions are in preparation to be submitted, which will no doubt be carried. The object on the part of the ladies is, not to keep company with any young man who is in the habit of tippling rum taverns, theatres, oyster cellars, &c. whereby he destroys himself and family, and lays the foundation of his future ruin. If this be so, it will do more good to the rising generation than any measure heretofore adopted to check an alarming and growing evil.

The Huntingdon (Pa.) Advocate relates the following distressing occurrence. On the 1st of February, a man named Peter Miller, with his daughter who was a married woman, and had her babe in her arms, and his son, an interesting lad about nine years old, left Phillipsburgh, in Centre county, to travel across the Allegheny mountain to Hanna's Furnace; they took a path leading to the nearest road, which had been little travelled, and strayed from their course; they consequently became bewildered and wandered about exposed to rain, snow, cold, and hunger, for three days and three nights, on Saturday last the man arrived at Mr. Phillips' forge, being led thither by the sound of the hammer. Several persons went in search of the boy and woman, and following the marks the man had made, they found these, the woman was sitting under a tree insensible to every thing around her with her babe fast folded in her arms; the little boy was still living, but he died before they got him removed in a house. The man and woman have their feet severely frost bitten, and are scarcely expected to survive the hunger, fatigue and cold they endured; but what is most astonishing is that the child is not any thing the worse.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

It is with extreme regret that the subscriber has observed the alarming rapidity with which this spasmodic disease has visited many parts of the European continent; and recent accounts state that the Cholera is not only increasing on the sea-board of England, but that it has actually made its appearance in the metropolis of Scotland.

Further comment on the subject, circumstances may produce, but should this dreadful disease reach the borders of this republic, the subscriber has great faith in, and is of opinion that the Samaritan Lozenges, if prescribed in the earliest symptoms, will effectually check the disease.

This communication is made without any views to immediate self-interest, either on his own or the proprietor's account—in the event of the latter's ever reaching any part of the United States, they will readily supply any respectable physician, hospital, or medical society, with the Swain's Vermifuge, free of all charge. So confident are they, that this medicine will check the Cholera Morbus in its earliest stages, that they are now preparing a shipment for his Britannic Majesty, to be administered through any professional medium he should be pleased to appoint.

HENRY JOHN SWAIN,
No. 9 South street, New York.

A gentleman of New York, whom experience has furnished him with decisive facts, speaks thus warmly of the medical qualities of the Vermifuge.

"The above medicine has been in use in my family for the last seven years, for the cure of dysentery, cholera morbus, Diarrhœa, &c. and I have never known it to fail. I have communicated it to many of my friends, who have tried it with equal success—indeed, I consider it as a specific remedy in those painful and oppressive sensations, (tenesmus, &c.) in dysentery, cholera, &c. stopping the disease in the most gentle, yet prompt and effectual manner.

In proof of its efficacy, three of my children were recently cured of severe diarrhœa, by only one small dose each; my wife was last summer, effectually cured of a severe attack of dysentery, by only one dose; I have likewise experienced its beneficial effects in chills and fever, inflammation of the bowels, and fever, &c. and from its efficacy, I am desirous of recommending it to the afflicted with the above complaints; and I doubt not, it will be the means of saving many from falling victims to diseases, so rapid in their progress, and so often fatal in their termination.

Swain's Vermifuge is a valuable remedy for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach—it immediately counteracts acidity, and absolutes such headache, &c. as originates from derangement, worms, and removes the morbid secretion to which many of the diseases of children owe their origin.

Swain's Vermifuge is recommended as being an excellent medicine, and worthy the attention of every family. Its properties are harmless and its effects undoubted. No family ought or ever will be without it after a trial.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We understand the trade has opened very briskly between the city and the southern states through the canal. Two hundred and thirty-eight packets and other vessels have passed through since the breaking up of the ice. Another line of steamboats, between this city and Baltimore is also in contemplation, which will save the public the chance of conveyance by the rail-road or canal.

We are pleased to understand that the sale of Mr. Smith's novel of the "Forsaken" has been very extensive, and the opinions of those who have read the work, are warmly commendatory. It should be recollected that this production was written several years since, and is a first attempt in the novel way on the part of the writer. A second, and with his more mature powers, could not fail to produce a work of still more power and interest.

We have before us a very large mezzotinto likeness of the Rev. William H. Furness, Pastor of the first Congregational Unitarian Church in this city, done by Sartain, from a painting by Sully. The artist has added to the credit which he acquired by several previous productions.

By a letter from Harrisburg, we learn, that the bill, entitled "An act to incorporate the Philadelphia Typographical Society," has passed the Senate, and been sent to the House of Representatives.

We understand that it is in contemplation to erect a new theatre in the Northern Liberties. It is proposed to locate it somewhere in the neighborhood of Vine street; and the plan has already been prepared and adopted.

According to a statement lately made in the House of Representatives of this State, the capital employed by individuals of Berks county in the iron trade, exceeds one million of dollars. About twenty-one forges and twelve or thirteen furnaces are at work, producing annually forty-five hundred tons.

A resolution has past the State Senate, that three thousand copies in English, and three thousand in German, of Washington's Farewell Address be printed in pamphlet form, with the object of distribution throughout the state.

The Rev. Thomas Powers showed his posterity a bust of the late Rev. Isaac Peaslee, minister of the Mariners' Church in this city. There are few in this city who do not recollect the features of Mr. Peaslee, and many, very many, will be glad to possess a correct copy of them. The cast is the work of Mr. John Canty, an Indian artist of this city.

We are requested to state, that the Baltimore passengers were on Tuesday last, conveyed from New Castle to Frenchtown, by way of the Rail Road, in one hour and thirty five minutes, including one stoppage for the change of horses. The distance is sixteen miles and a half. From this day the regular travel commences on the road.

We understand the Philadelphia Band proposes to give a grand Fireman's Ball, on or about the 15th of May.

We heard on Wednesday, that a widow, the mother of several children, who resided somewhere in the neighborhood of Seventh and Lombard streets, committed suicide, by administering laudanum, occasioned by a fit of jealousy, which caused her death the next day.

The number of taverns or public houses in the county of Bucks, is 127—and they pay $1,415 50 cents into the state treasury for license. Number of stores and retailers of foreign merchandize 139, and their state licenses amounts to $1,391 30 cents.

The New York Courier and Enquirer mentions, on the credit of a private letter from Paris, that Miss Francis Wainer was recently married to a Mr. P. a young gentleman from the United States.

The firemen of New Orleans have petitioned the Louisiana legislature for exemption from serving on juries and militia fines.

Seneca Indians.—It is stated in the Westmoreland Republican of Friday last, that on the Monday previous, as the stage was passing over the ridge between Mount Pleasant and Thompson town, in that county, one of the passengers was heard to speak, and on immediate examination, found to be dead. The informant of the Republican was unable to give any information relative to the unfortunate man, other than that his name was said to be —— M'Farland, and he was supposed to be a merchant from the west. On examining his pocket book, it was found to contain $6,000 in cash.

Mysterious Disappearance.—On Wednesday evening, about six o'clock, the son of George W. Janney left the residence of the Rev. Thomas Tobey, to go home—since that period he has been missing. He was about 10 years of age—dark eyes. The Society of Friends has took him under its J. W. J. Any information respecting him will be gratefully received by the afflicted family, No. 13 Coates Alley, or Rev. Thomas Tobey, No. 31 Vine street.

The funds belonging to Harvard College, are stated by the Boston Transcript, at $300,000 23.

The Delaware Gazette of the 28th ultimo, says:—"The cholera fever is raging to a great extent in the section of our State. Numerous deaths occur almost daily, the principal part of which are children. In some cases as many as three have been lying dead in the same house at one time.

The number of pairs of boots and shoes manufactured in Lynn, Mass. in the year 1831, was 1,675,791, value $949,171. Number of journeymen employed, 1741; number of females, 1725. The value of material used in the manufacture was $413,350.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial, speaking of affairs at Washington, says:—"Poindexter, I recollect, fought a man in a duel, some years ago, and Gov. Moore is no novice in the business." They are both old and gray-headed men. That young and intemperate blood should have cooled by this time, is not wonderful, in this case, that wisdom comes not with years. We can conceive of no more demoralizing picture than two men, who have lived and lent with one, as Foundsetter is, standing up and deliberately attempting to deprive each other of life. It is a horrid system, and should be frowned down by every good citizen and philanthropist.

We regret to learn that on firing a cannon at the fort on Governor's Island, on Wednesday last, one man was killed and other deprived of an arm.

On Saturday, the house of representatives of Massachusetts, passed an act to be engrossed for the punishment of attempts to murder by poisoning, drowning, &c. which provides that a person convicted of such an offence, shall be imprisoned in the State prison for a term not less than ten years, at the discretion of the Judge.

While Washington's Tent was placed in the Park, at New York, on Wednesday, Mr. Reed, of Long Island, aged about seventy-eight years, and who was one of Washington's body guards, during the revolution, took the same station before that tent, which above fifty years before he had occupied. This was quite an interesting exhibition.

Another duel took place in Georgia on the 20th ult. between Mr. Gist and Mr. Fair, both of South Carolina, in which the latter was shot through the heart. "The scene was truly melancholy," says a spectator, "as Mr. F. had three brothers and other relations on the ground."

A Cotton Factory has been erected in Bridgeport, Ohio, and will soon be in operation. An extensive Flour Mill is now in operation in the same town, lately erected by J. H. Forsyth, of Wheeling.

The final discussion on the third reading of the bill authorising a subscription on the part of the State of New Jersey, to one-fourth of the capital stock of the Delaware and Raritan Rail-road Company, is fixed for the 29th inst. It is a question which has excited much interest in the State, and about which there is a great and rather violent division of opinion.

A melancholy occurrence is related in the Camden S. C. Journal. Mr. Henry Isbell, in Fairfield District, having gone out with his dogs to capture two armed runaway slaves, who had appeared on his grounds, on the night of the 14th ult., hailed two men who did not answer, but, on the contrary, fled. Mr. Isbell pursued one of them, and overtaking him, shot him dead. The other, who proved to be his own neighbor and friend, Mr. Edward Hilh Wilson, who expired 17 hours after, leaving a wife and three young children.

The Boston Patriot says that—"In Dr. Milnor's church, New York, on Sunday, a gentleman had his cloak stolen from the back of his pew. He should have slept upon it."

Mr. John Bronsdon, of Milton, near Boston, was killed on the afternoon of the 24, in a very sudden and distressing manner. A large and heavy timber, which was borne by oxen in the usual way, upon four wheels, had got displaced, and he had stepped upon one end to loosen the chain therein with. While in the act of doing this, in consequence of the roads having sloping to that place, the timber slipped, and upsetting the wheels, fell upon his breast, and instantly deprived him of life. Mr. B. was a worthy and industrious man, and much esteemed by his neighbors. He has left a wife and four children.

James G. Shute, suspender manufacturer, committed suicide at the Mansion House in Milk street, (Boston) where he boarded, by cutting his throat with a razor. Mr. Shute alarmed the family about one o'clock, Thursday morning. Mr. S. had been very intemperate for the last three weeks, and his friends say his illness appeared insane, and had behaved strangely the evening before.

The Huntingdon Republican says:—"Governor Wolf has granted a pardon, remitting the unexpired time of imprisonment in the sentence of the court on Joseph Loughlin, who, at the last Court of Quarter Sessions in this county, was arraigned for Gambling, found guilty, and sentenced to undergo an imprisonment of two months in the county jail, pay a fine of fifty dollars, and costs of prosecution.

The Baltimore Gazette says—It is a fact that a parrot died last week on Fells Point, which had been in the possession of one individual 45 years. The parrot died two days before its owner.

The Sheriff of Lancaster County offers a reward of $120 for the apprehension of David Hoffman, George Hambright, Charles Mason, Nathan Foster, James Curry, and Thomas Franklin, who escaped from jail by means of false keys, on the 22d February.

A letter has been received at Washington City from Lafayette, in which the veteran states he had been very ill of inflammation of the breast, but was on the recovery.—The death of no foreigner would be more generally lamented in this country than that of Lafayette. And yet it is more than probable that he will survive another revolution in France, and see his aspirations for the weal and liberty of his native land realised to a still greater extent than at present. The old patriot would no doubt be willing to look up the 4th time after witnessing such a consummation of his fondest hopes.

The dwelling house of Mr. Sharp D. Lewis, in Williamsburg, was destroyed by fire on Monday evening last.

The Reverend Mr. Kruse, of the Church Missionary Society, stationed at Cairo, gives an appalling statement of the ravages of the Cholera in that city. The population is estimated at 300,000 souls. In the early stages of this frightful disease, 1,500 people were carried off daily; the fatality gradually lessened, however, and at the date of the last letter, September 18th, the deaths had diminished to 50 per day.

The Siamese Twins, says the Alexandria Gazette, now exhibiting at the City Hotel, are objects of great curiosity. We found them acute and lively, and able to entertain their company with all due respect and politeness. The singular *lusus naturæ*, as exhibited in the case of these boys, has attracted the attention of the most scientific men in the world.

A little girl, aged about six years, says the Lansingburgh Gazette, daughter of Mr. John P. Wickware, was burnt to death on Sunday evening last, while her parents were absent. Her clothes took fire, and before assistance could be had, the poor child was literally burnt to a cinder.

James Welsh, a young seaman belonging to ship Nassau, lying at New Castle, Delaware, while in the act of doing something with the rigging, fell from the main top-gallant-mast head, and was so much injured, that it was thought most prudent to send him up to his father's residence, in Philadelphia, where he expired on Sunday morning last. He was about sixteen years of age.

A bill has passed the Maine House of Representatives by a vote of 92 to 9, offering a bounty of $8 each for the destruction of wolves, $4 each for bears, and $1 each for

ALMANAC.

1832. MARCH.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON RISES.	MOON'S PHASES.
3 Saturday,	6 21	5 26	2 42	
4 Sunday,	6 21	5 28	3 23	
5 Monday,	6 20	5 40	4 18	D. h. m.
6 Tuesday,	6 19	5 41	5 8	
7 Wednesday,	6 17	5 43	5 50	New 7 10 12
8 Thursday,	6 16	5 44	6 34	First 9 2 17
9 Friday,	6 15	5 45	7 50	Full 15 10 21
10 Saturday,	6 13	5 47	8 26	Last 24 2 0

LAFAYETTE HOSE COMPANY.—A Stated Meeting of this company will be held at the house of Clark Gallbraith, at the north west corner of Old York Road and Prime Lane, on Tuesday evening, the 6th of March, at 7 o'clock. GEORGE BORN, Secretary.

WECCACOE ENGINE COMPANY.—A Stated Meeting of the company will be held on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock precisely, at the Commissioners' Hall, South-wark. LEWIS B. BREE, Secretary.

☞ The Honorary members of the company are particularly requested to attend.

Lost, at one of the late fires, two sections of riveted hose, marked "Phila. F. Co." the property of the Philadelphia Fire Company. The thanks of the company will be tendered to any individual returning the same to the Engine House.

An adjourned meeting of the Carvers, Gilders, and Gold beaters, of the city and county of Philadelphia, will be held on Monday next, the 5th inst. at 7½ o'clock, P. M. at the Bolivar House. WM. M. PHAIL, Sec'y.

An adjourned meeting of the Philadelphia Association of Compositors will be held at Up

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk with.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RICH PLANTER AND SLAVE

Said a rich planter to his slave,
When on his death-bed lying:
"Sancho, this last request I'd have
Granted when I am dead in my grave.
As now I fear I'm dying.
That you, for services sincere,
A faithful, honest slave,
Shall be, when ever life's career
Is stop'd, and you must disappear,
Laid with me in my grave."

"Ah! Massa, no," Sancho replied,
"Me rader get de money;
Den me no fear vat ills betide,
Cause me get freedom on me side,
Den Sancho no more runny.
De way tought make Sancho shake—
Oh! vat a ting it be,
For ven the devil comes to take,
My Massa, den he make mistake,
And run away vid me."

A NUT FOR THE PRINTERS.

Jim Black who lov'd to cut a ——
Was courting Betty Brown
A maid who had a jam of cash
To make the pill go down

So Jemmy thus one morning said
And took her by the fist
"Dear Betty most accomplished maid
The fairest in the land

Hear this ' I make
Some pity now bestow
And put I pray for mercy's sake
A - to my woe

If my destruction be your aim
A f you may take
I'd rather die by sword than flame
My warmth of words excuse

Yes even a I now
A welcome guest would be
For fate's determined to allow
A alone for me

Rather than hear your threats will I
Embark upon the seas
For in a7 would I die
Not perish by yes

But to the last your praise I'll sing
In spite of all our jars
And through the world your name shall ring
And soar above the ***

There's not a $ of our land
Could show your I
I'd better try to count the sand
Than all your worth to tell."

Betty who had a feeling heart
Not quite so tough as leather
Bids Jemmy for the priest to start
To —— them both together

BREVIER.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE ABOVE.

— Dash, ' minute,
° hand, °° degrees,
' apostrophe, * stars,
, comma, § section,
. period, ¶ parallel,
† dagger, —— brace.
‡ double dagger,

PUFFS AT HALF PRICE.—A Boston Philosopher advertises, that he has on hand a quantity of *Puffs*, which being *partially damaged* he will dispose of at 25 cents a piece. We have lately seen several newspaper puffs considerable worse for wear.—*Camden Jour.*

LAWYERS.—A number of years ago, two wealthy farmers in Peeblesshire fell into a dispute about a bargain, and determined to have their difference settled according to law. One of them accordingly repaired to the county town, and stated his case to a lawyer. The professor regretted that he could not undertake his cause, having previously been engaged by his opponent, but would do what was in his power to serve him by recommending another lawyer. The farmer thanked him, and took from him a letter of introduction to his friend. The wafer being wet he thought he might as well take a peep at its contents: he did so, and read as follows—"There are twa fat geese come to the town, pluck you the one, and I'll the other." The farmer immediately waited on his opponent and showed him the letter. The matter was soon arranged without the lawyers.—*Scotsman.*

On a dispute between two officers on board a vessel whose crew were Irish and English sailors, one of them contended that the English could not answer a common question with half that aptness which was natural to the Irish. A bet being proposed, it was agreed to try the point immediately; and an English seaman was asked, what he would take to go up aloft blindfold in a hard gale: "I would take a month's pay," said the fellow. "And what would you take, Pat?" said one of the officers to an Irishman. "By St. Patrick! (said he) I would take nothing but fast-hold."

THE LIFE OF "A GENTLEMAN."—He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the paper regularly, dresses fashionably, lounges fastidiously, eats a tart gravely, tattles insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, kills time indifferently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, lives uselessly!—*Tatler.*

DANGER OF BEAUTY.—In the first attempt made by Mary Queen of Scots, to escape from imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, she disguised herself as a laundress, with whom she had changed clothes, and when seated in the boat and putting off from the shore, she was discovered by lifting her hand to her head. The extreme beauty of her hand, with its whiteness, discovered her at once, and she was carried back to her chamber in bitterness and tears.

Let your dress be as cheap as may be without *shabbiness*; think more about the color of your shirt than about the gloss or texture of your coat; be always as *clean* as your occupation will, without inconvenience, permit; but never, no, not for one moment, believe, that any human being, with sense in skull, will love or respect you on account of your fine or costly clothes. A great misfortune of the present day is, that every one is, in his own estimate, *raised above his real state of life*; every one seems to think himself entitled, if not to title and great estate, at least to *live without work.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A friend related to us the following *bull*, committed by a son of the Emerald Isle now in his employ, which we think worth publishing: On going to the hog house one morning during the late cold weather, Pat discovered that a litter of pigs, which had been in existence but a short time, were all dead; and on making known the discovery—"Faith, sir," said he, "I don't b'lave they'd *lived* if they had'nt *died*, for the weather is so very *cowld*.—*Montrose Volunteer.*

Mr. Moore, author of the Fables, was a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctor's Commons, for marrying two sisters. While his cause was pending, his proctor one day called upon him, and Mr. Moore being then writing the tragedy of the Gamester, read to him the four first acts, with which the proctor was so much affected, that he exclaimed, "Good God! sir, how can you add to the distress of this unhappy pair in the last act?" "Oh! very easily, (replied Moore;) I shall put them both into the Spiritual Court.

The Rev. Sidney Smith, in his speech at the Taunton meeting, said that the attempt of the House of Lords to stop the progress of the Reform, reminded him of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington, during the great eastern storm at Sidmouth, in 1824. The tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses; and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of the fearful commotion of the elements, Dame Partington, who lived upon the sea beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and sweeping out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing back the Atlantic. The Atlantic was roused and so was Mrs. Partington; but the conquest was unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she could do nothing with a tempest.

The most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his rigour with humanity.—*Lavater.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

FOX HUNTING.

'Mong dark grey oaks, whose heights so high
Are gilded by the rising sun,
With springing step, and glancing eye,
Our lady steeds are winding on;
It is a brilliant day;
Each sportsman's heart in his breast is leaping,
As through the woods our dogs are sweeping,
To find their well known prey.

He's up—he's up—oh, hear the cry!
How blithely through the wood it rings!
With echoing shout, and sparkling eye,
Each joyous huntsman forward springs;
Away! away! away!—
Swift, onward, through the forest dashing,
We catch the sunbeams, gayly flashing,
From ev'ry frosted spray.

I've felt the joy of the dance and song,
And the thrilling pow'r of beauty's eye;
I've felt the excitement, deep and strong,
Of the haunted card, and the rolling die;
But nought, on earth's fair face,
Can make the blood, with spring-tide fresh,
Along the veins so wildly rush,
As the noble, manly chase.

'Tis noon—the dogs still onward strain,
With deep-toned cry, and ceaseless speed;
But few of the huntsmen now remain—
My steed! my steed! my gallant steed—
No pow'r can get freedom on me side,
Thy force is lent, the ravine clearest,
My friends are left, the pack is neared—
Away! away! away!

In view! in view! I see him now—
My shouts within his ears are ringing;
Like arrows from a war-dog's bow,
The eager dogs are onward springing;
Nearer, and nearer still—
My noble horse still thunders on;
The brush is mine—I am alone—
He cannot reach you hill.

He stops—he turns—prepared to die—
The close rush on with breathing haste;
How wildly glances his hopeless eye—
What! feel for the prowling robber's fate?
Oh! no, indeed, not I;
The joy that in my bosom springs,
Is worth the lives of a thousand things,
That were but born to die.

J. C.

A MID-CHANNEL.—The unexpected marriage of the Earl of Harrington with Miss Foote was so sudden as it was singular. The noble Earl having taken great interest in Madame Vestris' *Olympic speculation*, exerted himself warmly in her support, and one evening invited her to supper at Harrington House, and to bring Miss Sydney with her for a companion. Something occurred to prevent Miss Sydney from accompanying the fair Lessee, who, in consequence introduced Miss Foote, when the latter, by her graceful and artless manners, combined with her personal beauty and accomplishments, so completely won the affections of the Noble Earl, that he immediately offered her his hand, with an earnest desire that the nuptials might be solemnized on the ensuing morning. The lover's ardor effectually overcame the reluctance of the lady, and on the ensuing morning, Miss Foote became the Countess of Harrington. We have every reason to believe that there is not a happier couple than the Noble Earl and his lovely and talented bride. It is not possible for us to say what *prevented* Miss Sydney from accepting the Earl's invitation, neither can we presume to imagine the nature of that young lady's thoughts upon the singular result, but certainly there is every appearance of her having lost a CHANCE.

WITH A TRIFLING PRESENT.

Not want of heart, but want of art
Hath made my gift so small,
Then, loving heart, take hearty love,
To make amends for all;
Take gift with heart, and heart with gift,
Let will supply my want;
For willing heart, not hearty will,
Nor is, nor shall be scant.

GENERAL AMEND OF PALESTINE.—The hills still stand round about Jerusalem, as in the days of David and of Solomon. The dew falls on Hermon, the cedars grow on Lebanon, and Kishon, that ancient river, draws its stream from Tabor as in the times of old. The sea of Galilee still presents the same natural accompaniments, the fir tree springs up by the way side, the sycamore spreads its branches, and the vines and olive still climb the sides of the mountains. The desolation which covered the cities of the plain is not less striking at the present hour than when Moses, with an inspired pen, recorded the judgment of God; the *swellings of Jordan* are not less regular in their *rise* than when the Hebrews first approached its banks; and he who goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho still incurs the greatest hazard of falling among thieves.—There is, in fact, in the scenery and manners in Palestine, a perpetual verity well with the everlasting imprint of its historical record, and which enables us to identify with the utmost readiness the local imagery of every great transaction.—*Edinburgh Cab. Lib. No. 4.*

INDIAN SAGACITY.—An Indian, upon his returning home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations upon the ground in pursuit of the thief whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired, if they had seen *a little old white man, with a short gun*, accompanied by *a small dog with a bob tail?* They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had not seen? The Indian replied thus—The thief I know in a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground, that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white* man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short*, by the *mark* of the *muzzle* made by rubbing the bark of a tree on which he leaned. That the dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *b-b-tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

The steward of the Duke of —— was representing to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of many persons whose attendance was superfluous. "The Duke, after reading it, said, "If it is true, I can do without all these people; but have you asked them if they can do without me?"

A clergyman took for his text the following words—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord thy vows." An Indian heard him very attentively, and stepping up to the parson, thus accosted him—"I vow I'll go home with you, Mr. Minister." "You must go then," replied the parson. The Indian afterwards went to his lodgings, and there stay'd all night. "You may," replied the clergyman, "but I vow you shall go in the morning."

A pound of iron in a crude state is perhaps worth a cent. It is converted, we will suppose, into steel, and then into watch springs. Now, according to a calculation made in a work upon this subject, there are 7,000 grains in a pound weight, and every watch spring weighs a tenth of a grain. 70,000 watch springs, worth say $2 each, yield $140,000, for the pound of iron, or rather for the labor expended upon it.

A HINT TO THE SCRIBBLING.—Speaking, reading aloud, and singing, are useful kinds of exercise, and it is supposed that this is at least one cause of the greater leisurely of clergymen, public speakers, teachers in universities, and schoolmasters; Dr. Andrews pleasantly observes, that one reason why women require less bodily exercise than men, is, that they are in general more loquacious. Hence those sedentary students who, from habit, almost always sing at their work, unintentionally contribute much to the preservation of their health.—*Henderson on the preservation of health.*

A CURE FOR GALLANTRY.—A young officer of the National Guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of *gallantry* for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer (Dame Teinturier) with letters and compliments, followed her about like her shadow, and at last became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference began, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover, gave him a good ducking in a tub of indigo.—Then, in order that the dye might be avoid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and eau-de-Cologne that the tint of indigo disappeared, but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue.

BURNS ON EARTH.—On the 26th of June a letter was read from M. Jobard, of Brussels, announcing that he had brought to perfection, a new machine for boring the earth to any depth and thereby any soil. He stated that he had been tried with the greatest success in the neighborhood of Marienbore, where he had rapidly attained a depth of seventy five feet through an inclined rock of phyllade, mixed with argillaceous flints. By a process something similar, though less perfect, wells have been dug in China, to a depth of from 9,000 to 3,000 feet, through solid rock. M. Jobard anticipates the greatest advantages to geology from his discovery; and, with the usual enthusiasm of projectors, looks forward with confidence to the period not far distant, when we shall be as well acquainted with the centre of the earth, as we now are with the surface.

COLD FEET.—A condition so unpleasant in its direct sensual impressions, and so replete with morbid tendency should not be tolerated, but overcome if possible. This may be effected in most instances by instituting and undeviatingly pursuing, brisk friction of the feet and legs, by means of a flesh brush, every night and morning, during half an hour at each time, and uniformly wearing lamb's wool stockings by night as well as by day. This practice, if unremittingly prosecuted for six months, will be usually found to have the beneficial effect of fully and permanently restoring to the feet a healthy extension of the circulating fluids, and with that advantage a natural state of warmth.—*Medical Journal.*

It is computed that there are wandering about the streets of Paris 100 organ-players, 135 singers, 271 musicians, and 220 mountebanks: three-fourths of whom are strangers in the city, and only 139 of whom are French. It is well known that the crowds which these personages collect, are very favorable to the operations of pickpockets. It appears by the late papers, that these people are to be subjected to regulations, and among other regulations, are to go home at 8 o'clock in the evening in the winter, and at 9 in the summer. In this city serch strollers are yearly increasing; and, by sad hye, the corporation will be induced to enact laws for their regulation.

A certain lodging house was very much infested by vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we has'nt a single bug in the house." "No ma'am," said he, "they are all *married*, and have *large families* too."

The minister of the town of A. Ly some strange contortion of events became somewhat unpopular among his people; and they, to show their spunk, on a certain March meeting, elected him hog reeve. The gentleman elect happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus: "Sir, I was chosen some years ago, as hayter of this flock, but as my back have turned into swine, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities."

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.—A Sparrow, which had built her nest on the thatch roof of a house, was observed to continue regular visits long after the time when the young birds had taken their flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the years and in the winter, a gentleman who had all along observed her, determined on investigating the cause. He therefore mounted a ladder and found one of her young ones detained a prisoner, by means of the string of worsted, which formed part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round its leg. Being thus incapacitated from procuring its own subsistence, it has been fed and nourished by the continued exertions of its mother.—*Raleigh Register.*

The following anecdote illustrates very forcibly the advantages of infant schools, where indigent mothers, who are compelled to seek a subsistence for themselves and offspring, may leave, during the hours of labor, their precious charges in safety, free from the contamination of vice, and blessed by the countenance of virtue and piety.

It is related in a Philadelphia paper, that many decent women at service in the city, or otherwise too much occupied to take proper care of their own children, place them out to nurse, and often pay the greater part of their wages to persons who take care of them. A woman who made her living from this class of mothers, lately called in a medical gentleman to prescribe for one of her nurslings that was ill. The physician was surprised at perceiving strong symptoms of *worms or pods*, (insanity produced by intoxicating liquors.) He asked the woman what was the matter? food, and she said bread. Being further questioned she said, "he won't eat bread, and when it's stopped in with a key. They are very fond of that, and it's an excellent thing for keeping them quiet. It makes them sleep from morning to night." Does this test require comment?

The word "Fast" is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was *fast*, because the ice was immoveable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast*, for the contrary reason—it is called loose. A clock is said *fast*, when it goes quicker than time, but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

MARRIED—In Sullivan, N. H. Mr. Horace Frost, to Miss Melinda Locke.

The cold this winter's so severe,
That ladies have had much to fear;
As for *Melinda*—he not shocked!
She is in Frosty bondage *Locked*.

In Halifax, Vt. Mr. Jacob Whitney, aged 64, to his neice, Miss Deania Salsn, 14!

From a London Paper.

ARCHDUKE CONSTANTINE AND HIS MONKEY.

Harro Harring, in his recently published work, entitled "Poland under the Dominion of Russia," relates many disgusting instances of the cruelty and caprice of that arbitrary despot, Constantine, of Russia. The Grand Duke had, it seems, a favorite monkey, with which the two legged brute used to amuse his leisure hours. "A monkey," says the writer, 'may be dangerous; and an event took place in the Belvidere, by which it proves that the most petted favorite is not to be trusted. One day Constantine was busy writing in his own apartment, while his favorite monkey was, as usual, capering about, and meddling with every thing. At length he fixed his eyes on a loaded gun, and snatching it up unperceived, he deliberately took aim at his master, and was on the point of pulling the trigger. At this moment the Grand Duke happened to raise his eyes from his desk, and though almost petrified with alarm, uttered a loud cry, upon which the monkey averted the weapon, and discharged its contents in another direction.' This anecdote gave rise to the following lines:

TO CONSTANTINE'S MONKEY.

A plague on thee—thou clumsy brute!
Thy awkwardness, beyond dispute,
Will bring down on the pugnos'd race
Deep and indelible disgrace!
Thou wouldst have eas'd a lasting fame,
Hadst thou but taken surer aim.

When Brutus haughty Cæsar fell'd,
By love of liberty impell'd,
His countrymen extoll'd a deed,
Which from the yoke their nation freed:
Hadst thou, like him, perform'd thy part,
And smote a tyrant to the heart,
Admiring millions would have thanked thee,
And amongst patriot heroes rank'd thee.

Never henceforth at fairs or wakes
Will I give apples, nuts, or cakes,
To the vile pugs, nor share my bun
With them, as I have often done.

No!—never, long as I may live,
Thy blundering sin can I forgive;
And may thy execrated name,
Be 'damn'd to everlasting fame!'
For that inadvertent act of thine,
Which spar'd the ruffian Constantine.

SWEARING TO SOME PURPOSE.—A few years ago, a man in Nova Scotia, seeing his sons intoxicated, said to his wife, "Do I act as bad as he does when I am drunk." "Yes, and ten times worse," answered the good wife. Then pulling off his hat and throwing it down on the floor, "I swear," said he, "by my old hat, I will never drink another drop of rum or any intoxicating liquor." And he has kept his word. This anecdote is well authenticated.

CAUTION.—An order has passed the board of aldermen of Boston, that no member be allowed to address the chairman with his cane in his hand.

APOTHEGMS FROM SELDON.

John Seldon was a writer of considerable eminence about the time of the revolution in England. Perhaps Clarendon's short character was no exaggeration, 'that he was a person whom no character can flatter or transmit in any expression equal to his merit and virtue;' but his memory was too great for his judgment, and his love of case still stronger than his love of liberty. His works are nearly all too dull to be read, and therefore the more valuable. Some few extracted *Table-talk*, from which we have ventured to cull a few of the choicest apothegms.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs of Egypt were extreme wise; they had a great mind to come under water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

PEACE.—King James was pictured going easily down a pair of stairs, and upon every step there was written, *peace, peace, peace.* The wisest way for men in these times is to say nothing.

POWER.—They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row a barge, they that do the drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat, but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

WIFE.—"The reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glass he breaks.

WISDOM.—Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion you know called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt. She said, Aye. He bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and then him; he said, No. He tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him. Truly he had got a cold, and could not smell.

WORDS.—Words must be fitted to a man's mouth. It was well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my lord-mayor, he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.

CEREMONY.—Of all people ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony, for they think themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and salutations, with legs and kissing of hands, they were the pitifulest creatures in the world. But pre'thee thanks to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys that after they have the apple fall to the paring from the love they have to the apple.

DISPARAGE.—To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be read up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him to save us. If a man had a sweet leg, and he should go to an honest, judicious surgeon, and he should only bid him to keep it warm and anoint with such an oil (an oil well known) that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, Your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die unless you do something that I could tell you, what listening ther would be to this man. Oh, for the Lord's sake tell me what this is, and I will do any thing for your pains.

BIBLE.—*Scriptures scriptorum.* These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spoke them to his disciples, therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scriptures.

BISHOPS.—The bishops being put out of the house, where will they lay the fault now. When the dog is beat out of he room, where will they lay the stink.

TO MISS ELIZA SNOOKS.

Eliza Snooks, Eliza Snooks,
'Twas very wrong to you
To send me forth, last Thursday night,
With such a kind adieu.
Thy sullen'd looks went to my heart,
And still they haunt me there,
Inspiring dreams of bliss, alas!
I ne'er may hope to share.

Eliza Snooks, you kiss'd your hand
On that bright moon in eve,
And felt, or kindly feign'd regret,
That I so soon should leave.
Ah, whether it was feign'd or felt,
Is more than I can tell—
But, that it smarted, a foolish heart,
Alas! I know too well.

But who should I confession make
To an indifferent ear?
Heart only should to hearts confess,
And thine is gone, I fear.
Well, be it so—I shall not weep—
And singing 'tis all in vain—
I'll keep my heart for six long hours,
Till thine return again.

THE BELL.—A little girl at Sheffield, hearing a dual said about the passing of the Bill, asked, with great simplicity, "will it pass our door?"

A large placard was hawked about in London recently as follows: "Dram Drinkers must expect to be the first victims of the Cholera."

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

AN UNCONNECTED TALE.

Having a call to make upon Alderman B., I was introduced to him on the bench, where I found him engaged in deciding between three others of my manumitted negroes, who had committed themselves in a love affair; and I cannot better describe the matter, than give a copy of the notes taken on the occasion by the learned judge.

"My name is Antonio Ceasa de Wilson. I *hab* been paying a visit to Miss Araminta Arabella Tomson, in de oyster cellar, where she lib; when Massa Sambo come in and say, 'You hab no business here.' So I look at Miss Minta, and she say I *hub*, and dis gemplin and me have a tusale. De hankechef is not his, but one Miss Minta made present of to me."

"I can assure you," exclaims the sooty rival, "dat Miss Araminta did gib me de witchin glance, which tole me as plain as eye could speak, dat I was de more welcome visiter; and as to de hankechef, it is Miss Minta's; and I hab a better right to it dan dat oder genteman, as I hab preset to her a sissar, a timble, and a lock of my hair."

[*To be continued.*]

FEMALE INGENUITY.

Secret Correspondence.—A young Lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband, all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend.

"I cannot be satisfied, my Dearest Friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever been in unison with mine, the various deep sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is one of the most amiable of men, I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us, my husband is in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a bosom-friend and confidant, and not as a play thing or menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party he says ought to obey implicitly;—but each yield to the other by turns—An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old—she is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor—I know my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication (for to I must call the excess of his love,) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear, ——, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find with him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy."

N. B.—The key to the above letter, is to read the first and then every alternate line.

M. Chabert's Tapuyas Elixir,

AN instantaneous cure for the Tooth-ache, which he with the greatest confidence, offers to the public, having, besides he took the opportunity of making (publicly known) for the benefit of the Ladies, that he has discovered a method of extracting teeth, whose inestimable properties, as well as unfailing success, from many eminent medical gentlemen, some of which follow:—

To Monsr. Chabert.—This is to certify that we have tried your Tapuyas Elixir on several of our patients, and of the 30 boys made a certain cure: we found it not to injure the other teeth in any degree, and have not the least doubt that it preserves the gums. In the dire specific of the Book we have ever found to answer so well. It is therefore, in a valuable discovery, and unexcelling pain. We give you credit for such a valuable discovery, with leave to use our names in support of its authenticity (if it can be of any benefit) to you.

London, 23d March, 1829.

D. S. George, Member Royal College of Surgeons, 23 Berwick-st.; T. Williams, Member Royal College of Surgeons, Kensington Road; J. Williams, London Hospital; J. H. Harvey, Member Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. Peter J. Cooper, Member Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 49 Great Windmill street, Haymarket; Thomas Robert Gemmell; John Law, 5 George street, Blackfriars Road.

New York, Dec. 6th, 1831.

To Mons. Chabert, Sir,—In answer to your request of me manning respecting the result of my experiments of the effects of your Tapuyas Elixir, I have the pleasure to state, that I have so successfully in application to ten cases of severe tooth-ache, in all of which it proved perfectly effectual in a few minutes to procure permanent, and therefore have not the least hesitation to recommend it for general use.

Respectfully yours, W. ANDERSON, M.D.

A Chabert has immense numbers of certificates from patients elected, in this country as well as in Europe. The demand for the Elixir at present being so great, it is found difficult to supply orders from the country, but every exertion is making that will ever be making, that all can be supplied with such quantities as they may wish.

N.B. Respectfully informs the public that he has appointed the subscriber, their Agent for the United States, with power to create new agents, who will always keep prepared a sufficient quantity of the Elixir, to supply the agents appointed, and those to be appointed, druggists, country merchants and others at wholesale prices. Orders and cash or demand to him post paid will meet with prompt attention.

☞ Note is genuine but that which has X. Chabert recorded on the bottle, and on the wrapper, X. C. & J. C. C. Price 50 cents—Half Pint $5 per cent. allowed for cash on any quantity over half a piece.

The following are agents already appointed in the city of Philadelphia, F. Brown, Drug and Chemical Store, north west corner of Chestnut and Fifth sts.

In New York, M. C. Bloteau, Druggist, No. 203 Broadway; G. Chilton, chemist and apothecary, No. 24 Park Row.

In Boston, Henry Price, druggist, corner of Hanover and Market streets.

In Boston, A. W. Pres, druggist.

In Wilmington, St. Johnson, surgeon.

In Providence, R. I. Dr. Jones, Father.

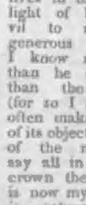
In Washington, Wm. Gunton, druggist.

JAMES C. CLARK,
feb 13-3m No. 132 Arch st. Philad. General Agent for the U. S

UNITED STATES WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Suspender Manufactory,

No. 31, South Front Street.



THE Subscriber respectfully informs Merchants, Hatters, Shopkeepers and the country, that he has on hand, a large assortment of SUSPENDERS, of all the various kinds, made of the very best materials, and in the most fashionable manner, which he will sell at very moderate terms for cash, or city acceptances. All orders to any amount, from any part of the United States, accompanied with the cash or satisfactory city acceptances, will meet with immediate attention. Gentlemen wishing to purchase in the above line, will find it to their advantage to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, an extensive assortment, in great variation, of Waistcoats, ready made to be made to measure, on the shortest notice.

JAMES DAVIS.

feb 25—6mos

Five Dollars Reward.

LOST, on Saturday morning, the 19th Feb. in Lombard street from Seventh to Second, a double cased Silver Lepine made WATCH, (maker's name Thomas Cornell, No. 121 Dublin,) and hands and figures engraved on the face; the outside case, back and front engraved in a neat manner, as well as the inside back, whose inscription has been erased, as well as the engraving from many eminent medical gentlemen, some of which follow:—

To Mons. Chabert.—This is to certify that we have tried your Tapuyas Elixir on several of our patients, and of the 30 boys made a certain cure: we found it not to injure the other teeth in any degree, and have not the least doubt that it preserves the gums. In the dire specific of the Book we have ever found to answer so well. It is therefore, in a valuable discovery, and unexcelling pain. We give you credit for such a valuable discovery, with leave to use our names in support of its authenticity (if it can be of any benefit) to you.

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In Providence, R. I. Dr. Jones, Father.

In Washington, Wm. Gunton, druggist.

JAMES C. CLARK,
feb 13-3m No. 132 Arch st. Philad. General Agent for the U. S

A NEW DISCOVERY:

BOOK-KEEPING,

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he will from his new plan, teach the science of Book-keeping in half the time that it is usually taught in the common way. The instruction given shall be decidedly more extensive and practical, than any other taught in the United States.

Satisfactory proof of the above will be given at the Academy, S. W. Corner of Fifth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

jan 28—tf R. HEGNGAL.

CARD.

L. M. CANTELO respectfully invites the public to examine his entire new article, made expressly for the cure of COLDS, and some of the most prevalent diseases that follow when they are neglected, such as RHEUMATISM, sore or swelled Breast, sore Throat, &c. highly approved of by all who have given it a trial. The bill of directions points out other benefits derived from its use: the cure is immediate and unexciting to all persons. Apply at the store, 12 Chesnut street, two doors above the Post office, or at the proprietors. C. MERRILL, 176 Cedar street, a few doors above Fourth

jan 7—tf

Marshall's Concentrated

Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, for the Cure of

OBSTINATE Eruptions of the Skin, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches about the Body, Scaly Eruptions, Pains in the Bones, Chronic Rheumatism, White Swellings, Scrofula or King's Evil, White Spots, Syphilitic Symptoms, and all disorders arising from an impurity of the blood, produced either by a long residence in a hot land, or by imprudence in the indiscriminate use of mercury, &c.

Price $1 per bottle. A liberal discount made to those who purchase to sell again.

Prepared, and sold, only, at Charles Marshall's wholesale Drug and Chemical store, S. E. corner Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Also for sale by the following agents, viz:—

No. 316, Market street, Philadelphia.

feb 15—tf

Washington Hotel,

(Late Mrs. Yohe's) No. 6 north Fourth st. Phila.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he has recently taken the above commodious establishment, which is one of the most extensive private mansions in the city, being in the centre of business; and unceasing devoting his unremitting personal exertions to the satisfactory accommodation of his guests.

The house has undergone considerable alteration, and improvement, and the best arrangements it is believed have been adopted for the convenience and comfort of the boarders.

The table shall be kept constantly supplied with the best that can be procured, and neither to be the best stand for business in the country. The House is an old stand, and is enrolled by name to the county. The New Mill is a good stand and in good order for business, as it will answer a good purpose for a Chover Mill, as there is none in the neighborhood. There are two other mill seats on the property as good as these.

The property is warranted by the best gentlemen to be recalled by any in the county. It is situate in West Nantmeal Township, Chester County, on the Brandywine Creek, one mile from Pennsylvania Forge, one mile from Carmel Bonsar's tavern, (formerly N. Knight's,) three miles from the Eagle Tavern, in Uwchland, and three miles from the Washington Tavern, on the Harrisburg Turnpike.

For terms apply to the subscriber, living on the premises.

nov 26—tf JAMES WILSON.

Medicines, &c.

ENGLISH *Harrowgate Salts*, celebrated for the cure of Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Bad Blood, Rheumatism, Piles, and Liver Complaints. Price 62 cents per bottle.

Medical Tincture for Tooth-ache, which gives immediate ease, prevents decay of the teeth, and restores the breath.—Price 50 cents per bottle.

Saratoga Salts for making the Saratoga Water equal to that which is bottled. Price 37½ cents for a quantity sufficient for half a dozen bottles.

Paris Black Ointment, which has the effect of restoring the freshness of colour to black or blue clothing when it has become rusty or faded. Price 37½ cents.

Sold at No. 28 ARCADE, Western Avenue.

Druggists and Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

jan 21—tf

Bleaching Salts.

80 packs fresh Bleaching Salts just received and for Sale by SAMUEL EUGSTER,

nov. 19—tf 202 North Third street.

Boot and Shoe Manufactory.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a New Store, where he intends to manufacture Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of all kinds, in a neat and superior manner, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. Ladies' water proof Leeting Boots and Shoes.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to by

W. F. CONOVER,

oct. 6—6mos No. 41 North 5th st. 2d door below Race

R A G S.

750 bales No. 1 Leghorn Rags.
100 do. do. 2's do.
Just received and for sale by SAMUEL EUGSTER,
nov. 19—tf 202 North Third street.

Superior Fur Hats, at $4 25.

THE Subscriber is aware of the difficulty attending the introduction of any new article in public favour; but the fact of the great experience of most of the Hatters in endeavouring to imitate it, must convey to a discerning public its best recommendation. These hats are of the most beautiful, the most costly, viz: Beauty, durability, lightness, and are warranted to retain their shape and colour. No donations given.

sept 17—1y F. BREMOND, 42 Chesnut st.

Geo. W. Carpenter's

Comp